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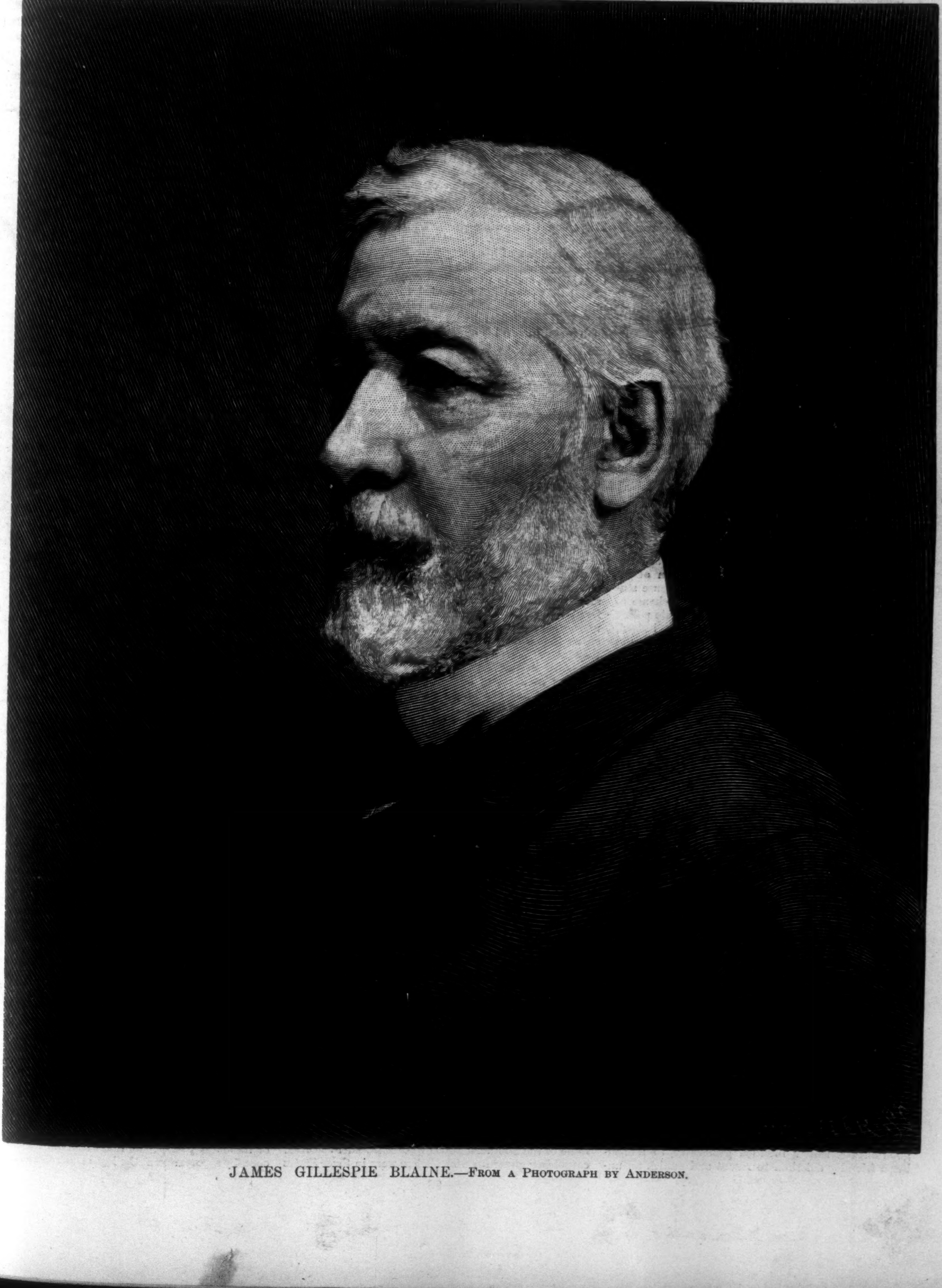

JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

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JAMES G. BLAINE.

THE death of JAMES G. BLAINE has removed from the political stage of America one of its most conspicuous, important, and remarkable figures. No public man in this generation has been supported by his followers with more enthusiastic and demonstrative fervor, and been combated with more persistent earnestness by his opponents. The feelings he aroused in both directions were called forth less by his views and achievements as a statesman than by the peculiar attributes of his personality. His public service indeed covered many years, and he steadily rose from one position of importance to another, stopping short only of the highest. He was a young man of thirty-three when, after the election of 1862, he became a member of the national House of Representatives. He soon distinguished himself as a man of uncommon ability, as a vigorous debater of the combative order, and as a party man of great usefulness. These merits were quickly recognized, and he was elevated to the Speakership, which powerful position he held during three Congresses, to be superseded only when the Democrats obtained a majority in the House. Then followed a few years in the Senate of the United States, whereupon he was twice appointed Secretary of State and put in control of our foreign affairs, first by President GARFIELD, and then by President HARRISON. During the last years of his life he was, if not the actual leader, at least the most prominent member of the Republican party.

This was what might be called a political career of remarkable brilliancy, and such a career can certainly not be achieved without faculties of an extraordinary nature. The future historian who will have to tell the story of our days without having personally known Mr. BLAINE will, however, in some respects, be puzzled by the reputation Mr. BLAINE enjoyed in his day. He was called a great orator, although he had never delivered a speech that produced a profound effect at the time or that will live to be remembered hereafter. He was celebrated as the first American statesman of his period, without ever having initiated a measure of great importance or distinguished himself as the advocate or as the antagonist of one, until toward the end of his career he became the champion of so-called "reciprocity," in opposition to the dense stupidity of the McKINLEY tariff, and of the scheme to unite the American republics in an economic policy hostile to European competition. In this, indeed, whatever we may think of the reciprocity scheme in its economic aspect, he showed a sagacity far superior to that of the party majority. But during all the years that Mr. BLAINE served in Congress he cannot be said ever to have been a genuine leader of opinion, except, perhaps, in his opposition to certain measures of a coercive policy to be applied to the South during the Presidency of General GRANT. Nor was his conduct of our foreign policy distinguished by any striking achievements promoting the interests or exalting the honor of the United States, unless the reciprocity treaties concluded since the enactment of the McKINLEY tariff be called a national benefaction. His administration of the State Department was rather characterized by a strong flavor of that "jingoism" which is apt to be more prolific of embarrassing and humiliating quarrels than of diplomatic victories, and which, while tickling the vanity of the unthinking, disquiets and repels the sober-minded patriot.

That Mr. BLAINE, in spite of his shortcomings, attracted the attention and engaged the interest of his countrymen in so remarkable a degree was in greatest part owing to his extraordinary power of personal fascination. No public man in the United States, in our day, united in himself so many of those elements of popularity which will not only "make friends" among the politicians and charm the multitude, but also win the good-will, and occasionally mitigate, if not disarm, the criticism of men of thought and principle. A naturally vivacious and versatile mind, well stored with that kind of information which makes conversation interesting and attractive; a ready, brilliant wit, and the capacity of enjoying the wit of others; a manner of cheery, jovial, apparently confidential good-fellowship, making every one coming in contact with him feel himself the object of special interest; genuine, sympathetic good-nature, rather inclined gratefully to remember a friendly act than to resent and punish an unfriendly one; an uncommonly retentive memory for names and faces; a quick perception of the movements of popular opinion, and a ready inclination to yield to them; an eloquence neither remarkably argumentative nor elevated, but endowed with a peculiar dash, giving the impression of courageous frankness—all these qualities contributed to that "magnetism" with which Mr. BLAINE attracted and held a large following of personal admirers by no means confined to his own political party. It may be said that if he was not in the true sense a leader on the field of opinion, he was a leader on the field of sentiment. His followers and friends sincerely believed that if he were put in the proper place of power he would certainly do something brilliant that would redound greatly to the advantage of the American people and to the glory of the American name, although nobody seemed to have a definite and clear conception of what that brilliant achievement would be. No doubt he was himself inspired by the ambition of making this republic the ruling power on the whole American continent and one of the most influential powers in the world, no matter what might become of our safe and time-honored traditions of foreign policy.

Nothing is more natural than that a man so endowed and so situated should have thought of himself and should have been thought of by others as a candidate for the Presidency; and nothing is more certain than that he would have been elected President had not certain transactions which had happened while he was Speaker of the House of Representatives subjected him to the charge of having used his official power for private pecuniary gain. While his personal following—in fact, all those under the charm of his personality—as well as a large majority of the members of his party were ready to deny any and every charge against him that was not proved to evidence, and to excuse, palliate, forgive, and forget all that could not be denied, there was a strong minority of Republicans who believed the accusations well founded, and who insisted that a man with such a stain upon his character should not wear the highest honors in the Republic. And thus Mr. BLAINE was condemned to the miserable life of a standing candidate for the Presidency, constantly reaching for the glittering prize, but seeing that prize constantly eluding his grasp, and this for a reason which was to himself most painful and humiliating. Although he was undoubtedly the most popular man with a majority of his party, the National Republican Conventions of 1876 and 1880 refused to nominate him because they would not intrust the fate of the party to so vulnerable a character. And when he succeeded in obtaining the nomination in 1884, the disaster which his opponents had predicted overtook him. All the votes he won by his personal popularity outside of the party ranks—and they were many—were overbalanced by the Republican conscience votes cast against him, and for the first time the long succession of Republican Presidents was broken by the defeat of the man whom his admiring followers called the most popular of them all. Finally, in 1892, he suffered the crowning humiliation of seeing his announcement that he would not be a candidate treated as insincere by his very friends; and when he then, at the eleventh hour, permitted his name to be presented to the Republican Convention under the auspices of a set of discredited politicians, he met with a last and crushing defeat, from which no recovery was possible.

Thus disappeared from public life, under the dark shadow of the sorest disappointment, a man whose uncommon gifts and winning graces might have opened to him a career of brilliant success to the end, had he possessed those moral qualities which make a man not only beloved, but also trusted. It is a most instructive coincidence that while he so sadly failed in reaching the goal of his ambition, another public man, who possesses neither the attributes nor the arts of personal magnetism and popularity, but whose main strength consists in a character inspiring general esteem and confidence, has for the second time, even against a seemingly insuperable opposition in his own party, been rewarded by the American people with the highest honor in their gift.

A PERILOUS CRISIS.

MR. CLEVELAND's personal attendance at the funeral of ex-President HAYES has been received by every fair-minded man in the country, of whatever political party, as a graceful act, and it administered a wholesome and impressive rebuke to those who even at this late day fiercely assail Mr. HAYES as one who had "stolen the Presidency," and committed a great crime against the republic, and all those who served under him as equally guilty aiders and abettors in an unpardonable iniquity. A brief review of what actually happened in 1876 and 1877 will serve to show that if Mr. CLEVELAND really intended his action to be such a rebuke, he was right.

At the time of the Presidential election of 1876 some of the Southern States were still under so-called carpet-bag governments. There were in those States two elements calculated to render elections uncertain, not only as to the number of votes cast on one side and the other, but also as to the rightfulness of the result. The Democratic party consisted there almost exclusively of Southern whites, the Republican preponderantly of colored men. In some of the Southern States the colored voters had a majority, but the white Democrats sought to overcome that majority by means of intimidation, actual force, or artful contrivances of various kinds. On the other hand, the Republicans, being in possession of the State governments, controlled the so-called "returning boards," which in most instances were empowered by law to reject returns from election districts in which the vote was shown to be vitiated by fraud, intimidation, or violence. These boards, if so disposed, could by an arbitrary use of such power cut down the Democratic vote, and thus "count in" the Republican candidates. That intimidation and violence were frequently employed on the one side to keep down the Republican vote, and that fraudulent returning devices were with equal frequency resorted to on the other partially to nullify the Democratic vote, was universally believed. It appeared really doubtful to the most impartial mind in not a few cases on which side the illegitimate practices had been most largely effective, and which side was fairly entitled to victory in the election. This was the condition of things in several Southern States in 1876, and, unfortunately, the result of the Presidential election turned upon those very States.

The number of votes, as reported from the election districts, clearly indicated majorities for the Democratic candidate, Mr. TILDEN; but the majorities, as they came out of the hands of the returning boards, which had rejected the returns of many election districts on the ground of alleged intimidation, violence, and other irregularities, were for the Republican candidate, Mr. HAYES. The Democrats had thus in their favor the unquestioned fact that a majority of the votes actually cast in those States were for their candidate. The Republicans maintained—and many Republicans no doubt sincerely believed—that the Democratic majorities were in fact the result of unlawful practices, and that the returning boards had acted within their legal power and done substantial justice. There was enough of doubt in the case to authorize a difference of opinion. From several of the States double sets of certificates, one set for the Democratic, the other for the Republican candidate, were filed with the President of the Senate of the United States, subject to the action of the proper authority when the votes were counted before or by the two Houses of Congress. The Constitution provides that "the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted." The President of the Senate and a majority of the Senate were Republicans; a majority of the House of Representatives, Democrats. Which of the conflicting sets of certificates would the President of the Senate open? Which would the Democratic majority of the House insist upon counting? Would not there be an irreconcilable conflict between the two political parties and the two Houses in Congress? Would not that conflict spread to the country? The popular excitement ran high. There were hot-headed threats of civil war. The crisis seemed full of peril.

The danger was averted by an extraordinary expedient agreed upon and advocated by members of both parties in Congress. An act was passed to refer all contested cases to a commission composed of five Senators, five Representatives, and five judges of the Supreme Court, the decision of this commission to be final unless set aside by a concurrent vote of the two Houses of Congress. The "Electoral Commission" decided in favor of the Republican candidate, Mr. HAYES, and Congress, according to the terms of the act, accepted the decision. The conflict was settled, the popular excitement subsided, peace and order remained undisturbed, and the government went on as if nothing extraordinary had happened. It is no exaggeration to say that the unquestioning readiness with which this settlement was acquiesced in throughout the country furnished one of the most striking proofs of the capacity of the American people to carry on republican government. There were many reasons for dissatisfaction with the award made by the Electoral Commission. Every point of importance had been decided by a vote of eight to seven, and according to the party leanings of the different members; and the reasons given by the majority for their votes left much to be said on the other side. The decision, therefore, had a decided partisan aspect, and did probably not change the previous conviction of any man as to the rightfulness of the contention of the winning side. But the result was submitted to by the defeated party—to its lasting honor be it said—without the slightest hesitation. Every good American was governed by a correct instinct as to what was the principal thing to be accomplished. It was not that the decision should satisfy everybody of its moral justice, but that it should secure to the country a government the legal character and authority of which would not be seriously questioned. Thus this settlement was a signal triumph of the political genius of the American people.

Nothing could be more absurd, therefore, than the assertion that Mr. **Hayes** should, under such circumstances, have declined to accept the Presidency. It was not only his right, but evidently his duty as a patriot to uphold the settlement that had with such difficulty been effected. Assuming that he had been not entitled to a majority of the electoral votes, what would the consequence of his refusal have been? The Presidency would not have gone to Mr. **Tilden**, but, according to the Constitution, to the Vice-President, Mr. **Wheeler**, and Mr. **Hayes**'s declination would simply have served to discredit Mr. **Wheeler**'s title. What would the consequences have been had those whom President **Hayes** called into his cabinet refused to accept office under him on the ground that they did not consider him rightfully elected? Simply to shake the moral authority of the settlement which had happily ended a dangerous crisis, and to open the way to new agitation, confusion, and possible disaster. To blame them for consenting to serve under Mr. **Hayes** is no less unreasonable, no less un-American, than it would have been to blame Congress for submitting to him its bills, or the officers of the army and navy for obeying his orders, or the American people for not rising in arms against a President holding his office in obedience to law. As soon as Congress had declared the result of the Presidential election the legal status of Mr. **Hayes** as President of the United States was clear and unassailable, and every American citizen was as much bound to respect it as if no contest concerning it had ever taken place. Mr. **Cleveland** was therefore eminently right in paying to ex-President **Hayes** the same honors he would have paid to any one of his predecessors; and if his conduct is regarded as administering a rebuke to the ranters who are ignorant of the true duty of the American citizen, so much the better.

NICARAGUA CANAL

The story of the inception and development of the project for constructing a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is full of interest—historical, commercial, and diplomatic.

Since gold was discovered in California the Eastern States and Western Europe have been filled with a desire for a shorter line of communication to the rich States of the Pacific. The slender isthmus has been a constant temptation to the adventurous schemers, and many plans have been made with a view of overcoming the apparently slight barrier that it opposes to the continuous journey of ships between Liverpool, New York, and San Francisco. For more than forty years the capitalists and speculators of the United States have been more or less interested in one project or another of interoceanic communication. Now it was a Nicaragua canal, again a railroad or a canal at Panama, and then a ship-railway at Tehuantepec. Finally, in 1888, the United States government chartered the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua, and there seems to be promise that the undertaking first conceived more than forty years ago will be accomplished. The charter provides that nothing in the act "shall be held or construed to in any manner involve the United States in any pecuniary obligations whatever other than in respect of the payment of tolls," but it is believed now by a great many of those who have studied the financial problems involved in the enterprise that if the necessary capital is to be obtained for the construction and operation of the canal the government must at least guarantee the payment of interest on the company's bonds.

It was in 1848 that the canal was first suggested, and, as has already been said, it was the rush for the gold fields that stimulated the conception. Concessions were obtained from Central American states, surveys were made, a company was organized, and a joint protectorate was established by the United States and Great Britain. Hopes were entertained that within a decade from the time when the first concession was granted the vessels of the Atlantic would sail to the Pacific through the quiet waters of the canal, instead of through the stormy seas of Cape Horn. But the war of 1861 hastened the completion of the Pacific railroads, and long before a spade entered the earth to begin the construction of what seemed to be the natural route of commerce, several lines of railroad had been built across the Rocky Mountains, with much labor and at great expense.

The splendid territory thus developed, and the enormous impulse given to commerce, vindicated the judgment and justified the imaginings of the promoters of the interoceanic canal. They saw not only the wealth of California and South America, but the riches of India, China, and Japan, pouring through the canal into our Eastern seaports.

The first treaty between the United States and Nicaragua concerning the canal was concluded in 1849, but it was not submitted to the Senate, in consequence of the subsequent conclusion of the **Clayton-Bulwer** treaty between this country and Great Britain. In a previous treaty concluded between this country and New Granada, in 1846, a right of transit across the Isthmus of Panama was granted to the United States.

In 1849 the state of Nicaragua made a contract with the American Atlantic and Pacific Ship-Canal Company, and this grant was accepted in an article of the **Clayton-Bulwer** treaty. The incorporators bound in this contract were **Cornelius Vanderbilt**, **Joseph L. White**, and **Nathaniel H. Wolfe**. In 1850 the Supreme Director of Nicaragua decreed the incorporation of the company. In 1852 surveys were finished by the American and British engineers. In 1856 Nicaragua vacated the charter because the company had done nothing towards carrying out its part of the contract. In the mean time, in 1850, the **Clayton-Bulwer** treaty had been negotiated and ratified. In this country it was contended that the treaty was based on the assumption that the canal should be built by British and American capital, and that therefore the two governments should exercise a joint protectorate over it. In Great Britain, on the contrary, it was held that, no matter who should build the canal, when it was finished the two countries should enjoy common right and privileges in its navigation, and be charged with a common duty in the maintenance of its neutrality.

For nearly thirty years the project slept. The Panama Railroad had been built, and connected the two southern termini of the Atlantic and Pacific routes of the steamship company. M. **de Lesseps** had entered upon the unhappy task of constructing a Panama canal, Captain **Eads** was asking Congress to aid him to construct a ship-railway at Tehuantepec. In was in 1887 that Mr. **Menocal**, an engineer of the United States navy, secured another concession from Nicaragua. Several years before, however, the project was revived, and an effort was made, based on treaties of 1864 and 1867 between Honduras and Nicaragua and the United States, to form an American company. A diplomatic correspondence followed the conclusion of the new treaties between this country and Great Britain, which was carried on on the part of the United States by Secretaries **Fish**, **Evarts**, **Blaine**, and **Frelinghuysen**, the representatives of this country insisting that the **Clayton-Bulwer** treaty was no longer in force. President **Hayes** announced in a message to Congress in 1880 that "the policy of this country is a canal under American control. The United States cannot consent to the surrender of this control to any European power, or to any combination of European powers," and he concluded that "it is the right and duty of the United States to assert and maintain such supervision and authority over any interoceanic canal across the isthmus that connects North and South America as will protect our national interests. This, I am quite sure, will be found not only compatible with, but promotive of, the widest and most permanent advantage to commerce and civilization."

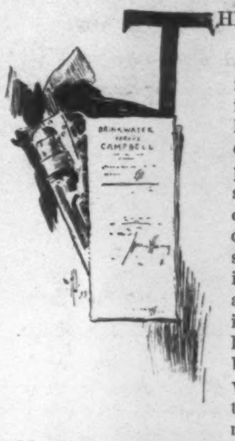
Eight years afterwards, after a long struggle, a company was chartered by Congress, and, unopposed by any foreign claim of right or power, is beginning the construction of the waterway dreamed of by the gold-hunters of 1849.

CROWDS AND MANNERS.

NEW YORK city is growing steadily and rapidly, but the increase in population seems to be at a greater rate than the improvement in facilities for taking the people comfortably and rapidly from one part of the city to another. When the elevated railroads on the east and west sides of town were first extended north of Central Park the population above Fifty-ninth Street was comparatively small, and these roads could carry the passengers without much difficulty. But during the past ten years what is equivalent to three large cities has been built where before were only barren and shanty-covered rocks, with here and there a market garden. On each side of the Central Park there is a large and splendid new city, and a third to the north of it and stretching across the Harlem. Now a large proportion of the people who live in these three metropolitan sections need to go several miles south every morning, and to return north to their homes in the evening. This necessity has brought about that congested condition of all the lines of travel of which we have read so much. Something, of course, will ultimately be done to provide rapid transit for New York. But in the mean time the crowded condition of street and elevated cars is producing very bad results.

We used to believe that Americans were the most considerate and the politest people in the world. It may be that this belief was properly founded, and it may be also that they are still the politest people. But certainly if New York manners ever contributed much to raise this high American average, a new reckoning would make another and a lower rating. A large majority of New York's people are made so uncomfortable by the great crowds that result from insufficient means of transit from one part of the city to another that all considerations save those of pure selfishness are abandoned by most of these people for an hour or so twice a day, and on the journeys to business and back home again the old and the young, the men and the women, with much persistence push and shove, each trying to get some advantage without regard to the rights of the rest. This condition is having a very bad effect upon the manners of the people of the town. The change is already to be noticed in other places than in the elevated cars. Time was, and that not a great many years ago, when a New York man would not sit in a horse-car or a stage and let a woman stand. Now a woman, unless she be very young and pretty or very old and feeble, has precious little chance of having a seat given to her in a crowded car. That an admiration for beauty and a respect for age still have some potency against growing selfishness shows that the manners of the men have not been abandoned entirely beyond reform. But bad manners, like vices, grow with great rapidity, and if we would check this distressing decadence we must insist that something be done without unnecessary delay to solve the problem of rapid transit in this great city, which otherwise is one of the pleasantest and best places on the face of the earth.

DRINKWATER *VERSUS* CAMPBELL.



THE courts of South Dakota are about to be called upon to settle an exceedingly interesting mining suit. The question involving the ownership of a mine nearly always, when brought into the courts, makes a difficult and complicated case, and judges could scarcely be blamed were they to express the wish that all misunderstanding about mines might be settled with that important mining implement known locally as a "gun," or "shooting-iron," as, indeed, they frequently are. But legal proceedings have already been begun in the case of **Drinkwater** against **Campbell**, and the Dakota judges will have to make the best of it.

Mr. **Drinkwater**, the plaintiff, is an old and experienced miner, living at Deadwood. About a month ago he went up into Tanglefoot Gulch, which is near Deadwood, and staked out a claim. It was close to one side of the gulch, and much of it was shadowed by a great overhanging rock, some fifty feet in thickness, which extended out from the mountain-side over his claim something like a penthouse above a door. But it was some six or seven feet from the ground, and gave him ample room to work beneath it, so he paid no attention to it. He sank a shaft, but found no gold. He concluded to abandon the claim; but just before leaving, as he was standing on the outer edge of it and looking up, he saw a rich vein of ore cropping out of the overhanging ledge about half-way up. He instantly decided in his own mind that the vein was his, as it seemed clear to him that anything directly over his claim was as much his as anything directly under it. He determined to dig up to the gold. Returning under the rock, the ingenious Mr. **Drinkwater** began to sink, or rather to elevate, a shaft.

It so happened that Mr. **Alexander Campbell**, another old miner, was out doing a little prospecting that afternoon, and in coming down around the mountain he halted on top of the very rock into which Mr. **Drinkwater** was raising his shaft. Looking over the edge, his eye lit on the auriferous vein some twenty-five feet below. He instantly staked out a claim, and began to sink a shaft straight down into the earth directly over the one being lifted by Mr. **Drinkwater**.

There then followed during the ensuing week one of the most exciting struggles ever witnessed in the Black Hills. The rock was soft, and each man made good progress. Mr. **Drinkwater** ran a staging up into his shaft, and extended it as he worked higher. Mr. **Campbell** let himself down into his with a rope. Each became aware of the other's presence. All through the day and half of the night Mr. **Drinkwater** could hear the man above wielding his pick and whistling "The Campbells are Coming." Mr. **Drinkwater** recognized the tune, and replied with loud strains of "Die Wacht am Rhein," varied with bursts of "Onward and Upward." As they drew nearer, each frequently inserted heavy blasts with the pleasing purpose of blowing the other out of his shaft, but nothing came of this. On the morning of the sixth day but two feet of rock remained between them, and Mr. **Campbell** stopped his whistling, and, as he worked, shouted out his favorite tune in a tenor voice which could be heard half a mile. Mr. **Drinkwater**, swinging his pick with desperate energy, roared back the German national hymn in a deep bass voice which seemed to make the ledge tremble. At four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. **Campbell**, after striking a particularly fierce blow, broke through, and landed on the scaffolding in **Drinkwater**'s shaft. Mr. **Drinkwater** stood upright, with his head and shoulders in **Campbell**'s shaft.

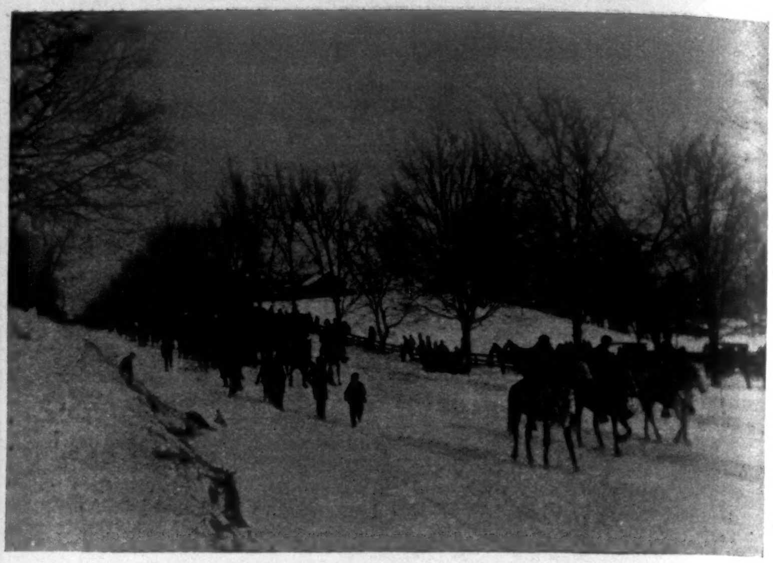
"Hoot, mon!" cried **Campbell**; "an' wha tauld ye ye could pick out the bottom o' my mine?"

"An' who you t'ink gif you lipperty to preak into de tob of my mine?" roared **Drinkwater**.

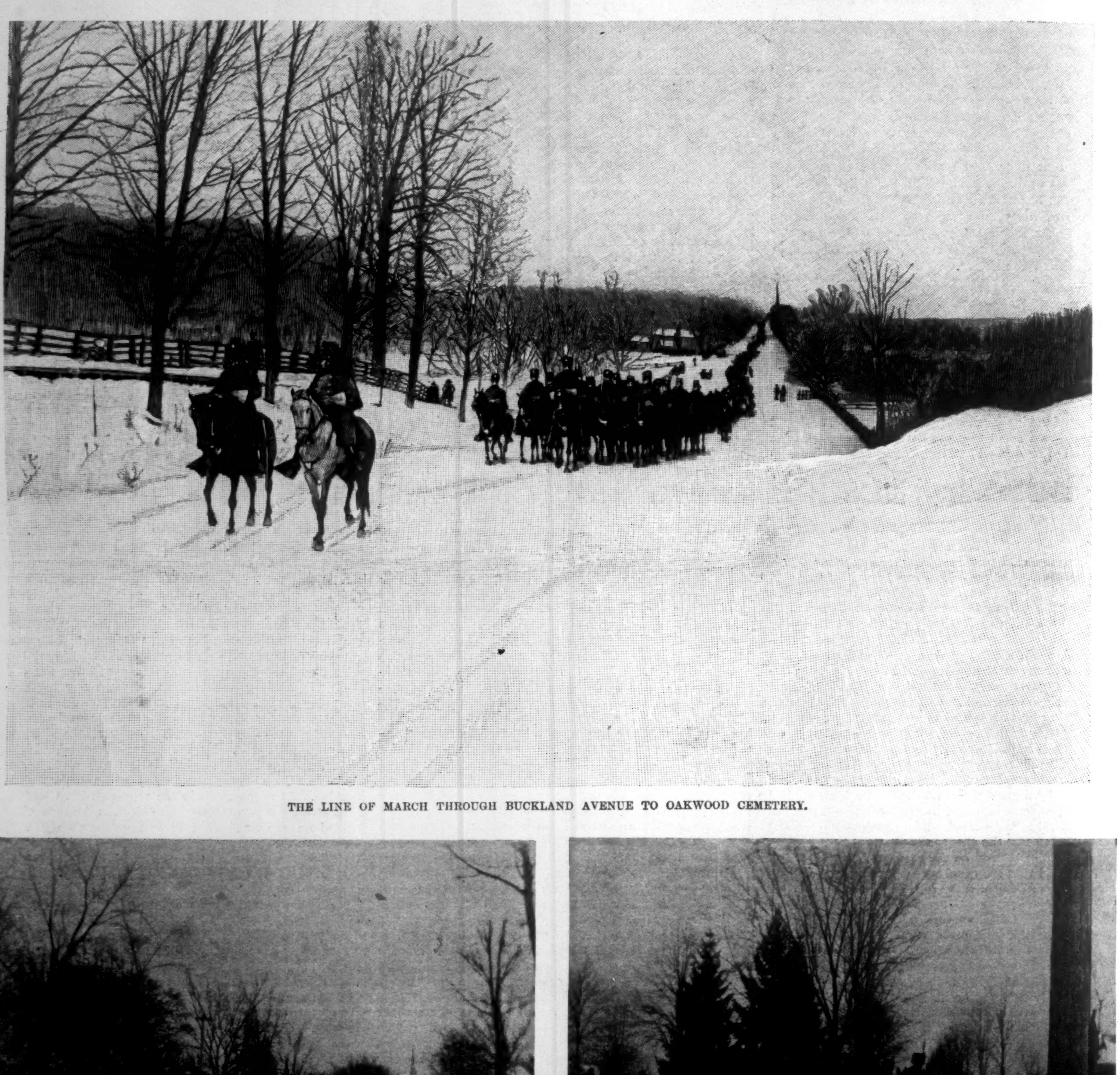
They then clinched each other, and fought desperately. The staging gave way, and they fell to the bottom of the lower shaft, which so startled them that they gave over their murderous intentions, and each sought a lawyer.

We are not, of course, in a position to predict which way the suit will be decided, but it cannot fail to awaken much interest. Mr. **Drinkwater**'s lawyer will contend that his client's claim not only extended to the centre of the earth, but up into the air indefinitely—that, in short, he had as much right to tunnel up and secure the gold over his head as he would have had to pick the fruit hanging from a tree on his claim. He will tell the court that **Campbell** had no better right to descend from above and take his client's gold than a man in a balloon would have to come down and gather the apples from a farmer's trees under the plea that he had staked out a claim on an overhanging cloud. **Campbell**'s attorney will laugh at this reasoning, and contend that his client marked out his claim on the surface of the earth, and was going down after mineral which belonged to him, and that the burrowing **Drinkwater** was simply committing terrestrial burglary. He will say that **Drinkwater** had no more right to do what he did than a man would have to go under a hill and burrow up through and take a farmer's turnips. Each lawyer retained is one of the best in the Black Hills, and the legal battle promises to be a warm one.

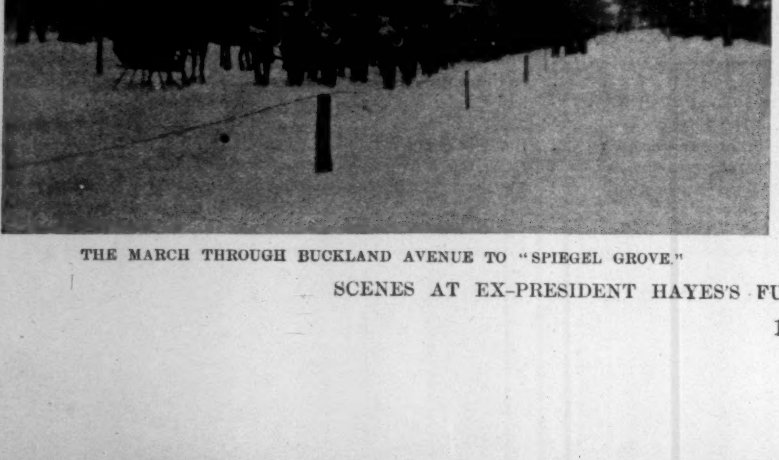
AT THE HAYES RESIDENCE.



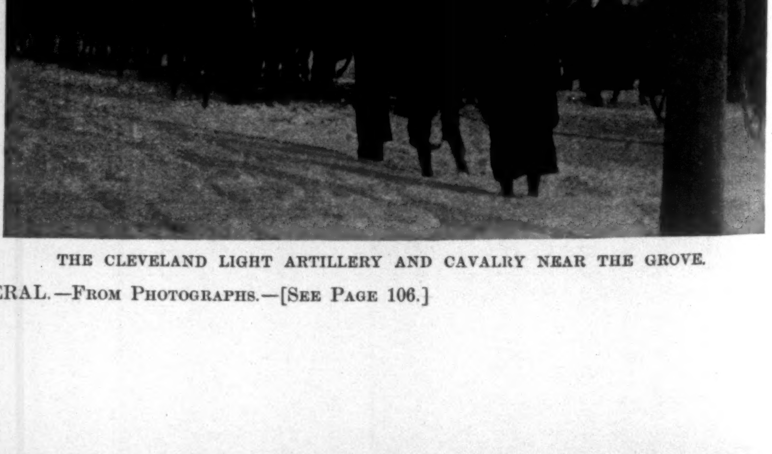
LEAVING "SPIEGEL GROVE" FOR THE CEMETERY.



THE LINE OF MARCH THROUGH BUCKLAND AVENUE TO OAKWOOD CEMETERY.

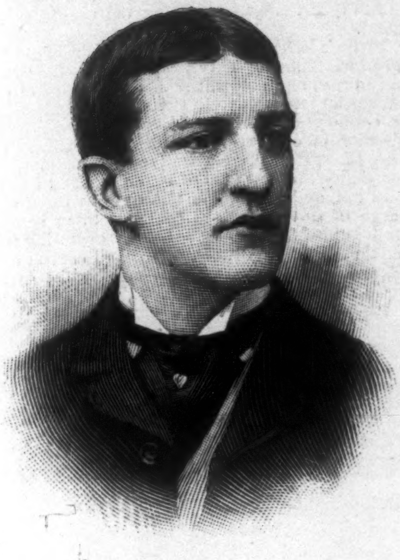


THE MARCH THROUGH BUCKLAND AVENUE TO "SPIEGEL GROVE."

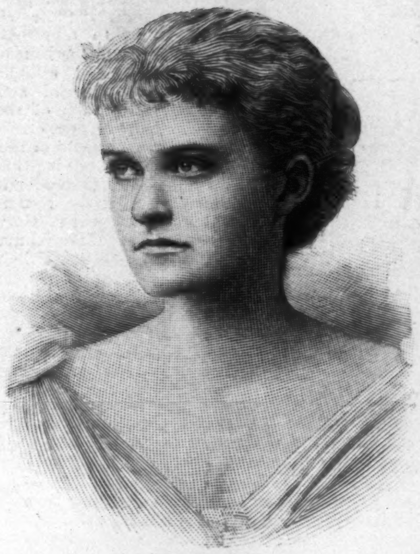


THE CLEVELAND LIGHT ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY NEAR THE GROVE.

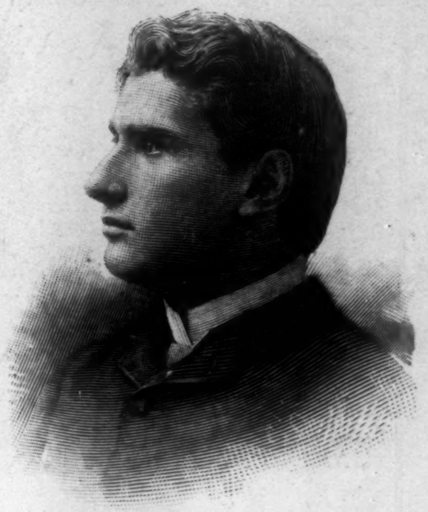
SCENES AT EX-PRESIDENT HAYES'S FUNERAL.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 106.]



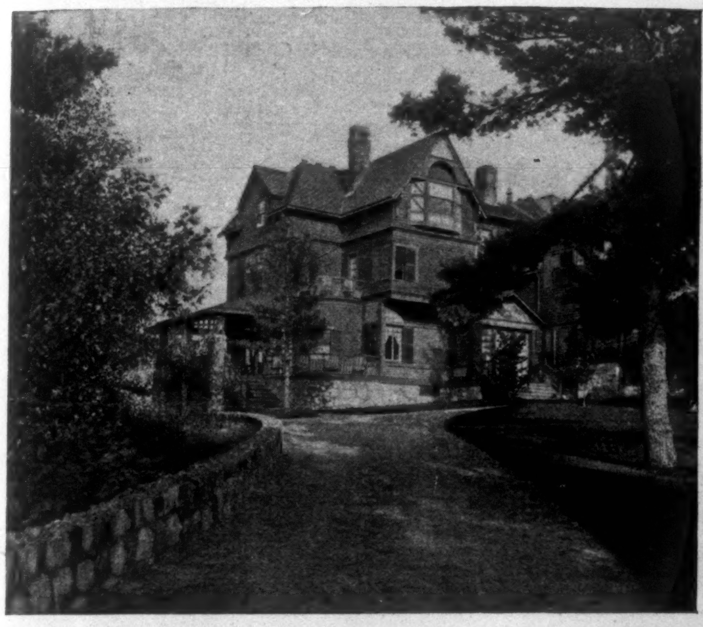
JAMES G. BLAINE, JUN.



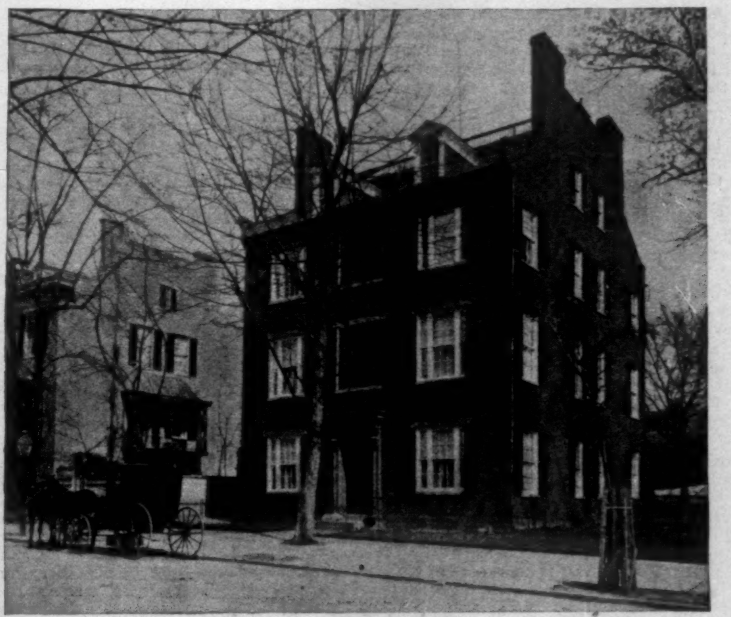
MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE, JUN.



WALTER DAMROSCH.



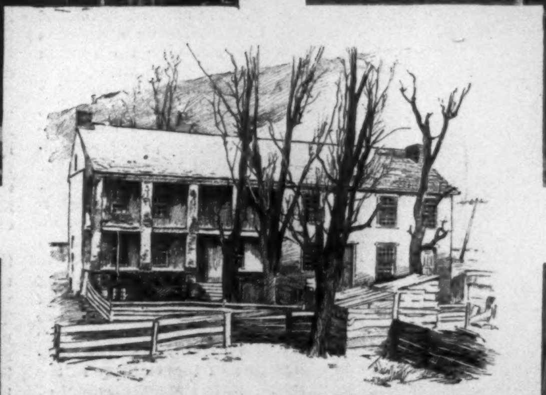
"STANDWOOD," MR. BLAINE'S COTTAGE AT BAR HARBOR.



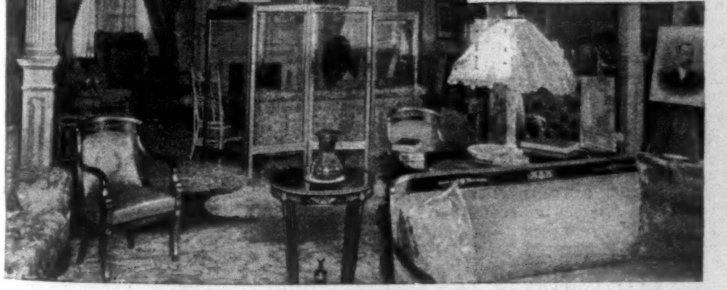
MR. BLAINE'S HOUSE IN WASHINGTON.

LIBRARY, WASHINGTON HOUSE.

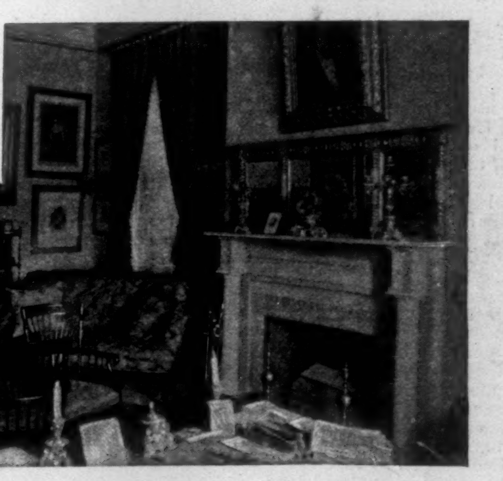
DINING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.



BIRTHPLACE, BROWNSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA.



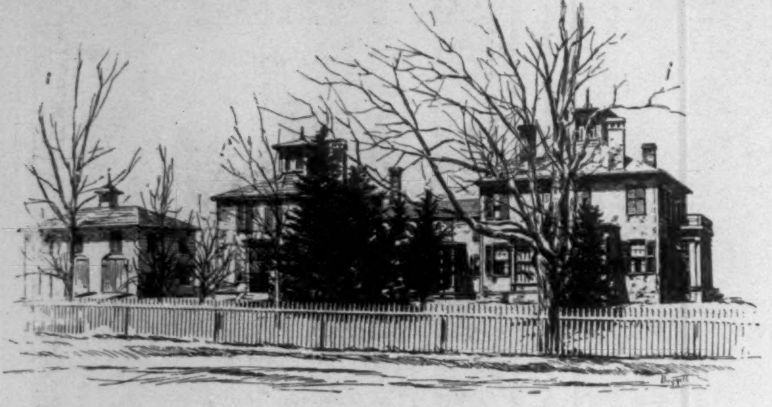
DRAWING-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.



RECEPTION-ROOM, WASHINGTON HOUSE.

THE BLAINE HOUSES, WITH PORTRAITS.—[See Page 102.]

The Washington House from Photographs by Bell.



JAMES G. BLAINE'S RESIDENCE, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JAMES G. BLAINE.

James Gillespie Blaine was born at West Brownsville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, January 31, 1830, being the second son of Ephraim L. Blaine and Maria Gillespie. His paternal ancestors were of Scotch-Irish stock, and were early settlers in the Cumberland Valley, and among the founders of the town of Carlisle. His grandfather, Ephraim Blaine, took an honorable part in the Revolutionary struggle from 1778 to the close of the war, and was Commissary-General on the staff of General Washington. Mr. Blaine's father inherited a large landed estate in western Pennsylvania, and removed to Washington County in 1818, where he married, in 1820, the daughter of Neal Gillespie, a wealthy and influential Roman Catholic. Although his mother continued a devout Catholic, the son always adhered to the Presbyterian faith of his father. His early education took place under competent teachers at home, though he spent part of one year, at the age of eleven, in a school at Lancaster, Ohio, where he lived in the family of Thomas Ewing, a relative of his mother, and at that time Secretary of the Treasury. He was prepared for college in association with Thomas Ewing, Jun., afterwards a member of Congress, by an English teacher named William Lyons, a brother of Lord Lyons. At the age of thirteen he entered Washington College in his native county, and was graduated in 1847. Although under eighteen years of age, he obtained one of the honors of his class, and delivered a Commencement oration on "The Duty of an Educated American." After graduating he became, for a time, an instructor in the Western Military Institute at Blue Lick Springs, Kentucky. In the neighboring town of Millersburg there was a seminary for young ladies, at which Harriet Stanwood, from Maine, was engaged as a teacher. This lady he married, soon after which he returned to Pennsylvania, where he began the study of law. In 1852 he accepted the position of an instructor in literature and science in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind at Philadelphia, at the same time continuing his legal studies. He was also a contributor, from time to time, to the *Daily Inquirer*. He contemplated entering upon the practice of his profession in Philadelphia, and in 1853 had a favorable opportunity for entering the office of Theodore Cuyler, who became one of the most prominent lawyers of that city; but about the same time a half-interest in the Kennebec *Journal*, at Augusta, Maine, the former home of his wife, was offered him, and he purchased and became the editor of that paper. He ever after made his home at Augusta. As an editor Mr. Blaine soon became known for the trenchant style with which he entered into the discussions of the time, and for the mastery of political facts which he acquired. He likewise became an acknowledged leader among the Whigs, and was active in the organization of the Republican party. He entered into an active participation in political management, and in 1856 was a delegate to the National Convention which nominated John C. Fremont for President. On his return from the convention at Philadelphia he gave an account of its proceedings in a public address, which first revealed his aptitude for political speaking. In 1857 he went to Portland to take editorial charge of the *Advertiser*, the leading Republican newspaper of the State, still retaining his residence at the State capital; but being elected to the Legislature the year following, and also accepting the chairmanship of the Republican State Committee, he became involved more and more in political activity and public life, and gradually gave up the duties of journalism, though he retained the nominal editorship of the Portland *Advertiser* until 1861. As an editor he had called attention to the condition of the penal and reformatory institutions of the State, and was appointed by Governor Morrill to examine those of other States and suggest improvements. In the discharge of this duty he visited fifteen States, and made an extended report on the subject of prison administration. Some of his recommendations were adopted, and the penal institutions of Maine were materially improved thereby. He served in the lower branch of the Maine Legislature four years, being Speaker during the last two. His position as chairman of the State Committee he continued to hold for more than twenty years. In 1862 Mr. Blaine was first chosen to the national House of Representatives, and served in that body continuously for fourteen years. He did not at first take a prominent part in the debates, his only extended speech during his first term being in favor of the assumption by the national government of the war debts of the States. In the Thirty-eighth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Post-offices, and was instrumental in the establishment of the postal-car service on railroads. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on War Debts of the Loyal States, and a member of the Military Committee. In the Fortieth Congress he became chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. He gradually acquired command of his resources for debate and parliamentary leadership, and took a more and more active part in the proceedings of the House. He heartily supported the various war measures, and took a leading part in framing and supporting the reconstruction measures. He opposed the proposition of Thaddeus Stevens that representation be apportioned according to the number of legal voters, instead of the number of inhabitants, and proposed an amendment to the Constitution by which there should be excluded from the basis of apportionment "those whose political rights or privileges are denied or abridged on account of race or color." This was, in effect, covered by the Fourteenth Amendment as adopted.

Mr. Blaine was the author of that feature of the reconstruction act of 1867 which provided that the seceded States should be admitted to representation on assenting to the Fourteenth Amendment and establishing equal and impartial suffrage without distinction of race or color. Later he was one of the vigorous opponents of the proposed policy of paying the public debt in legal-tender notes, and advocated the resumption of specie payments. He was a bimetallist, but favored making the silver dollar equal in value to the gold dollar. In 1869 he was first chosen Speaker of the House of Representatives, and held that position continuously for six years. During that time he rarely took part in the proceedings on the floor, but his mastery of parliamentary rules, his dexterity and alertness, and his ability for a rapid despatch of business gave him the reputation of a brilliant presiding officer. When the Democrats acquired control of the House in 1875, Mr. Blaine became the leader of the minority, and his experience in the chair gave him rare advantages. One of the most conspicuous incidents of the session preceding the Presidential contest of 1876 was his controversy with Southern members, notably B. H. Hill, of Georgia, in urging the exclusion of Jefferson Davis from the benefits of the general amnesty bill then pending.

On the 2d of May, 1876, a resolution was adopted by the House directing an investigation of an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railroad Company, at an excessive price, of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad. This was recognized as aimed against Mr. Blaine, from whom the purchase was alleged to have been made. Certain correspondence of his with Warren Fisher, of Boston, had fallen into the hands of a former clerk of Fisher's, named Mulligan, who was summoned to Washington by the committee charged with the investigation. Mr. Blaine obtained possession of the letters from Mulligan, and on the 5th of June rose in his seat, and declaring his purpose to conceal nothing, said, "I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from the desk." He denied that he had ever received any of the bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad, except at the market-price, and declared that instead of disposing of them at a profit he had incurred a loss. The Republican National Convention was then approaching, and on June 11th, the Sunday before it was held, Mr. Blaine was prostrated by heat while going to church in Washington. The investigation was soon after interrupted by the adjournment of Congress, and was never resumed. Mr. Blaine was a candidate for President before the National Convention, and on the first ballot received 285 votes out of a total of 754. On the seventh ballot his vote rose to 351, but by a union of the supporters of other candidates Mr. Hayes, of Ohio, received the nomination.

In July, 1876, Senator Lot M. Morrill resigned his seat, afterwards becoming Secretary of the Treasury in President Hayes's cabinet, and Mr. Blaine was appointed to the vacancy, and in the following winter was elected to the full term. He opposed the creation of the Electoral Commission, on the ground that Congress did not possess the power which it proposed to delegate. Mr. Blaine's career in the Senate was not so conspicuous as it had been in the House. He continued to take a prominent part in financial discussions and in dealing with questions affecting the South, framed measures for reviving American shipping, including a subsidy to a steamship line to Brazil, and supported the policy of excluding Chinese immigrants from the country.

In 1880 he appeared again as a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. On the first ballot in the National Convention he received 284 votes out of a total of 756. A contest extending through thirty-six ballots ended in the nomination of General Garfield by the union of the supporters of Mr. Blaine and Senator Sherman.

Shortly after the election of Garfield, Mr. Blaine wrote a letter to the President-elect on the policy to be pursued by his administration, and was afterwards offered the position of Secretary of State in his cabinet. He entered upon the duties of that office in March, 1881, and soon adopted a policy of unusual activity in connection with the foreign relations of the country. One of his purposes was to promote closer commercial and international relations with the republics of Central and South America. He planned a congress of representatives of all the American nationalities, to be held at Washington in November, 1882, and although a letter of invitation was issued as late as November 29th, some weeks after General Garfield's death, the project was abandoned by Mr. Blaine's successor. His administration of the State Department was also characterized by an effort at mediation between Chile and Peru, then at war, and a special envoy was sent down on that mission, but the effort was fruitless. The Colombian government having proposed that the European powers unite in guaranteeing the neutrality of the projected Panama Canal, Mr. Blaine on the 24th of June issued a circular letter declaring the objection of the United States to such action, and asserting the paramount rights and obligations of this country in the premises. He subsequently proposed to the government of Great Britain the modification or abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. His plans were seriously interrupted by the shooting of the President and his lingering illness, and, in the December following General Garfield's death, Mr. Blaine finally retired from the direction of the Department of State, urging upon the President, in a public letter, the continuance of his policy for bringing into closer relations the independent nations of the Western Continent.

Being out of public life for the first time in twenty-three years, he set about a historical work which he had planned, entitled *Twenty Years in Congress.* It began with a review of the previous history of the republic, and then considered in detail the events and characters which had come under the author's personal observation. The first volume was published in April, 1884, the second appearing in January, 1886. When the Republican National Convention met in Chicago in June, 1884, Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the Presidential nomination with increased support, though he was very earnestly opposed by many of the delegates. His vote on the first ballot was 334½, there being 278 for President Arthur, 93 for Senator Edmunds, and 63½ for Senator Logan. On the fourth ballot he received the votes of the supporters of Logan and some others, and was nominated by 541 in a total of 813, Mr. Logan accepting the candidacy for Vice-President.

Mr. Blaine's letter of acceptance, published July 19th, gave special prominence to the tariff question as the leading issue in the canvass, and contended that the policy of protection was of special importance to the great agricultural interests of the country. In this letter he also gave prominence to the question of civil service reform, but without explicitly favoring the system of competitive examinations. He said: "Impartiality in the mode of appointment to be based on qualification, and security of tenure to be based on faithful discharge of duty, are the two ends to be accomplished. The public business will be aided by separating the legislative branch of the government from all control of appointments, and the Executive Department will be relieved by subjecting appointments to fixed rules, and thus removing them from the caprice of favoritism." The canvass was characterized by considerable excitement and bitterness, the scandals connected with Mr. Blaine's railroad transactions and the so-called Mulligan letters being revived in great detail and with much persistency. In the latter part of the canvass he made public addresses in several States during a period of forty-three days, in which he is said to have spoken over four hundred times. Many of the addresses were very brief, and delivered at stopping-places on the railroads over which he travelled. The election resulted in his defeat, and the choice of Governor Cleveland, of New York, for President. Mr. Cleveland received 219 electoral votes, being those of twenty States, and Mr. Blaine 182, being those of eighteen States. The vote of New York was decisive of the result, and was obtained by Mr. Cleveland by a popular plurality of only 1047. The total popular vote of the country was 4,848,334 for the Republican electors, and 4,911,017 for the Democratic electors. After the result had been determined he delivered a speech at his home in Augusta, in which he attributed it largely to the suppression of the Republican vote in the Southern States. He immediately resumed work on his history, and after its completion continued to take an interest in political affairs in his own State, making several speeches in the State canvass of 1886, in which he criticised the national administration for its course with reference to the fisheries difficulty with Canada, and presented the question of protection and free trade as the one great issue between parties.

It was in December, 1887, that President Cleveland sent his famous message on tariff reform to Congress. The ink was scarcely dry on the European papers which printed it when Mr. Blaine, being abroad at the time, practically reassumed the leadership of his party by answering the message, at first in an interview, and then in a letter. From that time till the session of the Republican Convention in June, 1888, the uppermost political question in the minds of men was whether Mr. Blaine would face his old opponent again on the issue of protection and free trade, or tariff reform, which the writings of the two men had so clearly defined. There was no doubt in any one's mind that Mr. Blaine could have had the nomination had he become a candidate. The only moot point since that time has been over the terms upon which he would have accepted it. It has been said by an intimate friend and earnest supporter of one of the candidates before the convention of 1888 that Mr. Blaine would have accepted the nomination had all the contestants cleared the field for him, and made his candidacy unanimous on the first ballot. All the candidates save one, Senator Sherman, who had 300 votes in the convention, were said to have agreed to this programme. As Senator Sherman's managers very properly refused to sacrifice the very promising chances of their candidate for what seemed to be a mere sentiment of personal loyalty, the plan, according to this authority, fell through. This is a rational and plausible explanation of that curious and hitherto unexplained scene in political history where for a hot week in midsummer the assembled leaders of a great party hung upon the wavering inclinations of a once defeated candidate to accept the highest honor in their gift. When Mr. Blaine declined finally to allow the presentation of his name, his friends gradually rallied to General Harrison, with the result of his nomination and election.

Mr. Blaine had been in Europe throughout all the canvass prior to the convention, and did not return to this country until the early autumn of 1888, when the campaign was already under way. He was received with a great demonstration by his party, and immediately took an active and effective part in the campaign. He promptly framed a new issue by attacking the administration plan of disposing of the treasury surplus by loaning it to what he called "pet banks," and thus added another point to the long line of defence which Mr. Cleveland's followers had to maintain. After the election of General Harrison political discussion centred again about the remarkable personality of Mr. Blaine, the point at issue being whether he would resume his old place in the cabinet as Secretary of State. Though the Harrison cabinet was full of surprises, his place in it was not one of them, and the chief element of the unexpected about his incumbency was for a long time its uneventful character.

All of Mr. Blaine's enemies—and he was distinguished by the possession of the most bitter foes—had prophesied a period of "jingoism," "foreign entanglements," and what was sneeringly denominated a "vigorous foreign policy." The public at large, whether friends or foes, being quite uninformed as to the robust individuality of President Harrison's character, concluded that his brilliant Secretary of State would dominate his administration as he had that of the able but plastic Garfield. For a year and a half after his accession to office, save in the prosecution to a successful issue of his plans for a Pan-American Congress, relinquished at the time of President Garfield's death, Mr. Blaine made no visible sign of a desire to control in any way the administration of the government. This may have been due to some extent to failing health and family affliction, which so singularly pursued him; but the great causes of his abstention from political prominence were first his great absorption in his pan-American project, and next the discovery, which a great many people besides Mr. Blaine made, that General Harrison was going to conduct the office of President in a manner "to please himself," or, in consonance with the famous phrase, according to his own idea of what a President should be.

It was when the scope of the McKinley bill, with its theory of prohibiting all imports of all goods such as are manufactured at home, and putting all others on the free list, was made clear in the Congressional session of 1890 that Mr. Blaine once more assumed, almost violently, his position of a party leader. Doubtless the vehemence with which he assailed the bill was largely due to the fact that he saw that it threatened the complete destruction of his brilliant and alluring scheme of pan-American dominion. Doubtless, also, he saw in it the great party danger which has since been twice materialized to such a destructive extent. At all events, he procured in the new bill the insertion of the famous reciprocity clause, which the party proceeded to make, with protection, its war-cry. That Mr. Blaine thought that he had by the framing of this "new" issue—which was simply the policy proposed by President Arthur and Secretary Frelinghuysen in 1884-5, and at that time abandoned in the Senate by the wish of the incoming administration of President Cleveland—insured party success was shown by his candidacy in the convention of 1892.

Between his promulgation of the doctrine of reciprocity and the meeting of that convention much had happened which seemed to make him the choice of a larger number of the people than any prominent personage in either party. In the spring of 1891 came the incident of the lynching of the alleged members of the New Orleans Mafia who had been charged with and acquitted of the murder of Chief of Police Hennessey. The lynching was followed by an intemperate demand on the part of the Italian government for reparation to the families of the victims and punishment of the offenders. Almost simultaneously with the demand Baron Fava, the Italian minister at Washington, was recalled.

War seemed for a time imminent, and the country was ill prepared for it. Then Mr. Blaine exhibited at once all the dexterity which his enemies had alleged to be his single statesmanlike attribute, and a coolness of judgment which his most devoted friends had not entirely suspected in him. He made clear the difference between the responsibility of the Federal government and that of the city of New Orleans and State of Louisiana in a way that suggested a judicial statement of constitutional limitations rather than a mere shirking of blame. With great dignity he declined to be bound by the statement of facts contained in the report of an indignant consul at New Orleans, and advised the Marquis di Rudini that the Federal government would ascertain the facts for itself, and act accordingly. So temperate, dignified, and masterly was his treatment of the question that he succeeded immediately in extricating the government and the nation from the almost indefensible position which the faulty construction of the Federal system, in its relation to the rights and duties of the separate States in regard to domiciled aliens, had placed it. The result was a chorus of praise from all quarters, in which voices were raised at home and abroad which had never before been heard save in his most unqualified condemnation. The Italian government finally justified Mr. Blaine's position, and vacated its own, by acceding to the payment of $75,000 reparation—a good deal less than a bad derailment of a passenger train costs a railroad company—and completely restoring diplomatic intercourse without a further whisper as to the punishment of the New Orleans law-breakers, who to this day go unwhipped of justice.

When, less than a year later, it was known that President Harrison, and not Mr. Blaine, had been the author of the compulsory measures adopted towards the Chilian government upon the occasion of the assassination of the *Baltimore's* sailors in Valparaiso, and when it was further known that the President had taken entirely upon himself the conduct of the Bering Sea dispute, which was characterized by a most "distinctively American" tone on the administration's part, the people who had always considered Mr. Blaine a "dangerous" minister of foreign affairs were dumfounded. In short, his last incumbency of the office of Secretary of State brought to him the respectful consideration of a larger portion of his fellow-countrymen than any other period of official or political activity of his entire life.

The motives controlling the close of that incumbency are still wrapped in great mystery. Why Mr. Blaine in the early spring of 1892 withdrew his name as a Presidential candidate is partially explained by the supposition of a promise to President Harrison, and his own nervous, not to say hypochondriacal, solicitude for the state of his health. One of the greatest mistakes in his career was thereafter made in resigning his office and allowing his name to be used and his cause conducted to its one ignominious defeat by men whose only claim to his fellowship was a common irritation at the imperious official methods and personal manners of the successful candidate. He who had only been defeated by the stratagems of a coalition in 1876, who had foiled the great Grant triumvirate in 1880, had received the nomination in 1884, and declined it in 1888, the popular idol of a party which never ran to party idols, which has never rewarded its founder, Hamilton, and which during his lifetime often accorded scant devotion to its greatest exponent, Lincoln, came out of the Minneapolis convention with a beggarly array of votes.

The first action of the Democratic national gathering, which immediately followed that convention, was the passage of a resolution of condolence with its great opponent upon the death of his son Emmons Blaine, which had followed that of his son Walker at an interval reckoned in months.

Despite this crushing affliction, his ill health, and his own defeat, Mr. Blaine evinced the quality of his party loyalty by a long letter, a magazine article, and a speech in behalf of the nominee in whose favor his own claims had been disregarded.

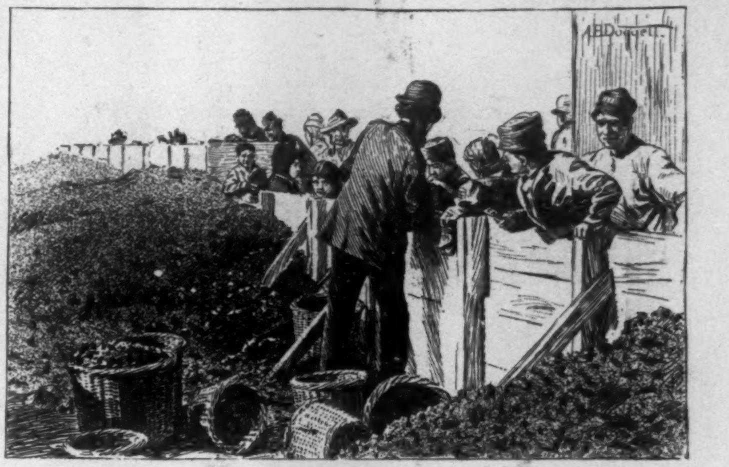
The mental growth of no American public man is easier to trace than that of Mr. Blaine, and the broadening of the man from a politician into a statesman since his defeat in 1884 is a remarkable and pleasant phenomenon of our political history. The research necessary for the preparation of his really remarkable book, inappropriately named *Twenty Years in Congress*, was, doubtless, the cause of this gratifying change.

AN IDEAL TRADE IN COAL.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

WHAT is the use of inveighing against that useful class, the middle-men, that is to say, when they are contented with an honest and every-day profit? But when the middle-man takes advantage of the situation, turns the screws, insists on an exorbitant advance on prime cost, or when what he peddles is one of the necessities of life, as is coal, then the middle-man wrings the vitals of the poor, for he extracts from their scantily lined pockets the very last penny. The late arctic two weeks in New York was the coal-peddler's and small-groceryman's opportunity, and the sufferings of many honest, deserving people were intense, for coal in a small way had risen to monstrous figures.

Mr. Nathan Straus does not pose as a political economist. He is simply a kind-hearted man, with a rapid receptivity when an object-lesson is presented to his notice. It so happened that during one of the coldest days of this month Mr. Straus paid a visit to a poor man who was ill. A pail of coal was brought into the room, and a third of it was used to replenish a small stove. "What does that much coal cost?" asked the visitor. "Fourteen cents," was the reply. Mr. Straus is no lightning calculator, but he figured it up that at fourteen cents a pail coal was costing not a penny less than $14 a ton. At once he hired a wharf at the foot of Third Street, East River, bought a boat-load of coal, costing $4 90 a ton, built a shanty, put at work a number of hands, and established something apparently absurd—a coal business entirely in the interests of the consumers; or, in other words, he was prepared to peddle out coal at prime cost. On Friday, the 20th of January, just as soon as the first barge was made fast, her cargo being nut and stove, a coal trade began. At the grand opening nobody knew anything about it, but in a few hours the business advertised itself. "A chump as sells a full pail for five cents," just took down that east side.

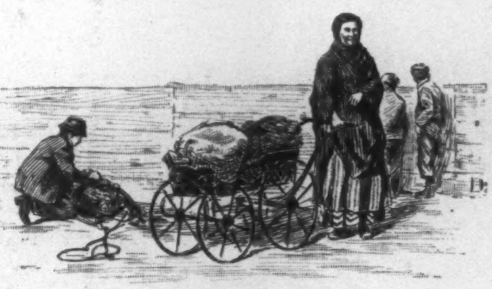


WHEN BUSINESS IS BRISK.

The measures of coal are five. Twenty pounds cost five cents; forty, ten cents; sixty, fifteen cents; eighty, twenty cents; and a quarter of a dollar fills up a hundred-pound measure. There is no skimping. After the basket is filled up, then comes the extra shovelful, and that delights the purchaser.

In just as polite a manner as if they were behind a jeweller's counter the young men in charge of the coal shanty carry out the business. The coal is not given away, but exchanged for coin, but on such a basis that if the coal does not quite pay for itself, the difference is but slight. Your man who gives away a thing for nothing rarely stands any nonsense, and well-meant beneficence is sometimes rather toplofty and exacting. The really nice thing about it is that the coal receivers feel no humiliation. For the five cents that old woman passes to the clerk she receives in exchange a red ticket marked "good for twenty pounds of coal." She may have made a shirt or more for that money, and been underpaid. She smiles as she has the measure of coal dumped into her apron, for she thinks she has equalized her chances.

The great run is for the five and the ten cent tickets, but the five-centers are most in demand, and a Pactolus of pennies pours through the ticket-hole. Half-dollars are rare coins, and so are quarters, and so far only two bills have been taken. The scenes are amusing, for the coal mart is overflowing with good-humor. Here is a strong lusty German. He is a millionaire; he wants a twenty-cent ticket, which entitles him to eighty pounds. It is a weight beyond his capacity. "I have worked all day. I am tired. I tell you what I do, I fetch my wife; she make nuddings of it."



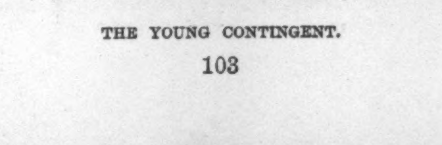
PRACTICAL METHODS.

The children come in flocks, particularly after school hours. Said a little rosy-cheeked girl to her companions: "Oh, I have had such a lufly time. Mommer's got 'nuff coal for ter-day and ter-morrer all for ten cents, and a gent guv me five cents fer standin' still when he took my pigshure"—for our artist made a photograph of the little woman.

Methods of transporting the coal are numerous. A soap-box on wheels or on a pair of runners was the favorite. There was a Moet & Chandon champagne case, very aristocratic-looking, on the running-gear of a velocipede; a goat-cart, with a fairly well put up billy, drove up in spanking style. Several boys, not one over ten, had a peddler's hand-cart, and with their combined efforts shoved off 100 pounds. A dish-pan, a tin basin, a clothes-boiler, a colander, a market basket, anything but a scuttle, moved the coal. The Italians used sheets (there was no color contrast), and one little Sicilian woman laid a once gaudy bedspread on the wharf, and had turned into it sixty pounds of coal. She tied it up tight, using her white teeth to fasten a rope knot. Then a gallant outsider heaved it all up on her black coil of hair, and she marched off, teetering as if it were a feather weight. There was also a procession of baby-carriages, coal-laden.

Suppose there were some middle-boys who earned a penny in freighting? Such an enterprising urchin might become in time a railroad magnate for future coal barons. Well, that was none of Mr. Straus's business. He got his coal.

There are charitable men and women, members of regular organizations, who were helping their deserving poor through the medium of Mr. Straus, buying tickets, as they had a perfect right to do. As long as there is coal it can be had, only not more than a dollar's worth can be bought at a time.



THE YOUNG CONTINGENT.

The business will continue until cold weather is over, say until the end of March. Just as soon as one boat-load is carried away another will take its place. It is not charity. No coal is given away. All Mr. Straus does is to approximate values, or to bring closer together a cent and a lump of coal. In that general scheme of future economics (belonging to the golden age) we are to be happier, so it is said, when we trade in this ideal kind of way.

The many hand-to-mouthers on the east side are now getting their full pennyworth, and so in time will the north-side ones, for this week the coal business to suit small pockets will open a branch at the foot of Fifty-second Street, North River, under precisely the same methods as have been described.

THE NEW YALE GYMNASIUM.

THE gymnasium dedicated to Yale University on the 23d ult. by the committee which has labored so diligently in its perfection is, without doubt, the handsomest and most completely appointed of any in the world.

Though the movement for its erection was really begun over seven years ago by Professor Eugene L. Richards, and though work on plans was commenced almost immediately afterwards, yet definite action was not taken until the formation of a committee of New York alumni early in 1889 to raise funds.

This committee was composed of Arthur M. Dodge, '74, chairman; William McLane, '67, treasurer; E. L. Richards, secretary; H. E. Howland, '54, George A. Adee, '67, William C. Gulliver, '70, Thomas C. Sloane, '68, since deceased, and Frank Jenkins, '74. To these were subsequently added William W. Farnum, '66, and W. K. Townsend, '71, of New Haven; and the committee was regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of Connecticut in June, 1890. The building committee consisted of George Adee, chairman, and Messrs Richards, Farnum, Sloane, and McLane.

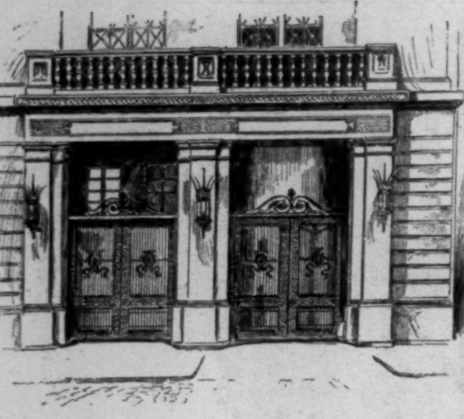
From the competing plans handed in, those of Mr. E. E. Gandolfo, of New York, were finally accepted, and ground was broken in the spring of 1890, and the foundations were laid in the summer of the same year.

The ground on which the gymnasium stands, on Elm Street, between High and Wall, was bought soon after the committee formed, and has a frontage of over 138 feet, running back in its deepest place over 300 feet.

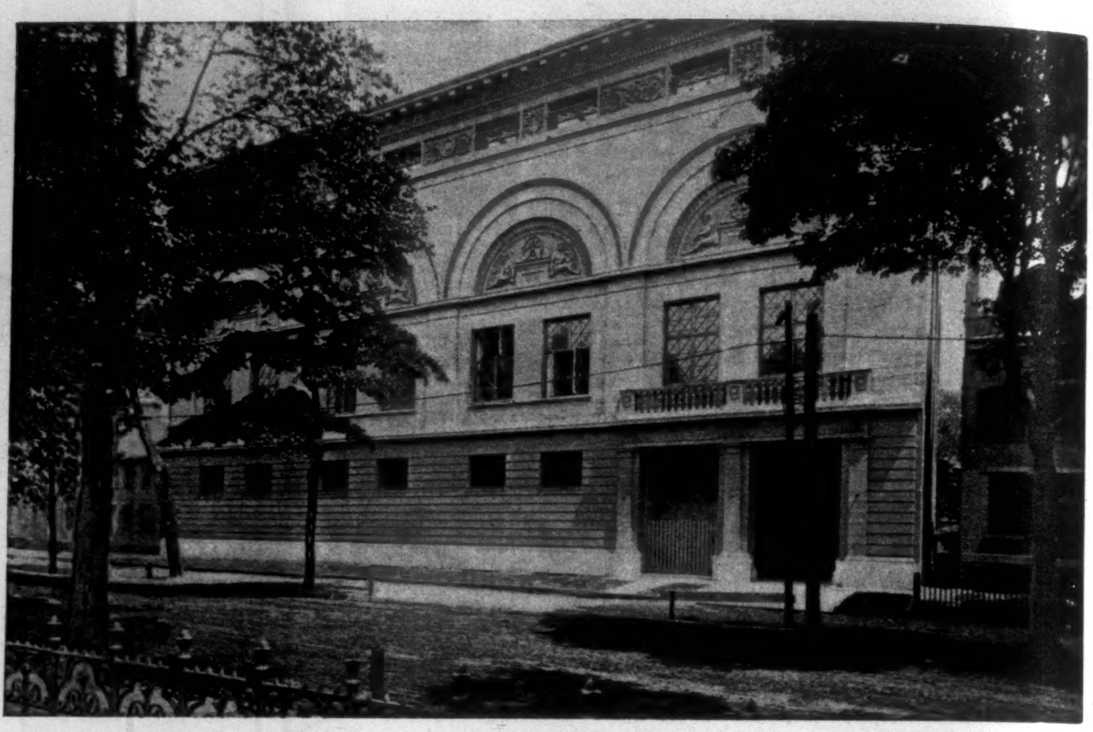
The building, with lot, when passed over to the Yale corporation had reached a cost of about a quarter of a million of dollars. The building itself is in reality a palace for athletes, adorned in classical style, and by far the handsomest on the campus. The exterior lends the impression of strength and massiveness. It stands on the northern side of Elm Street, opposite the Peabody Museum, and occupies nearly half a block in length. The exterior may be called a Renaissance application of the Romanesque style. At the southern entrance of the building is a porte cochère, and under the archway opens the entrance to the main stairway, a plan adopted from many of the public buildings of Paris. The entrance to the porte cochère is guarded by massive iron gates, which weigh nearly 4000 pounds, and adorned by iron chandeliers, and lighted by electricity or gas. The front of the building is richly ornamented in bass-relief with figures and instruments symbolic of sport. The top story is ornamented with terra-cotta frieze and eaves. The main entrance is magnificent in its wealth of Italian marble, while the main stairway is of the same material, with balusters of Carrara marble, and the vestibule of white marble, the latter running nearly the whole width of the building. The stairway alone cost over ten thousand dollars.

In the basement are the twelve tub baths, of the finest marble from Carrara. They are supplied with showers, spray, and douche. The floors are marble, and the adornments nickel-plated. Off this room will be found the bowling-alleys, while the rest of the basement is occupied by the engine and the heating apparatus and the laundry. The engine-rooms are in a separate building across the street. The cold air is heated from coils, and forced to all parts of the building by enormous fans. On the floor above is one of the finest swimming-pools in existence; it is also of Carrara marble, with silver railing, and silver ladder leading to the pool. The pool proper is 50 × 25 feet, and varies in depth from four and a half to seven feet. The tank is surrounded by marble ambulatories and lounging galleries wainscoted five feet high all around with Italian marble. The entire tank is lined with imported glazed tiles. The water is heated by live steam from an injector.

In connection with the pool is the Turkish bath department, which is supplied with showers, steam, and hot-water baths, and the massage and toilet rooms. The tepidarium is of steel filled in with fire-proof blocks. The interior is covered with imported tiles of pure white. The ceiling is of hammered glass, the dome being cast to shape for this special purpose. The next is the cooling-room or frigidarium of classical times. It is beautifully plastered and corniced, and its sides are covered to the height of six feet with tile-work. In this room is a magnificent drinking fountain, open fireplace, and all other requirements for rest. These series of baths occupy a space of 100 × 27 feet. On the same floor are



MAIN ENTRANCE AND PORTE COCHÈRE.

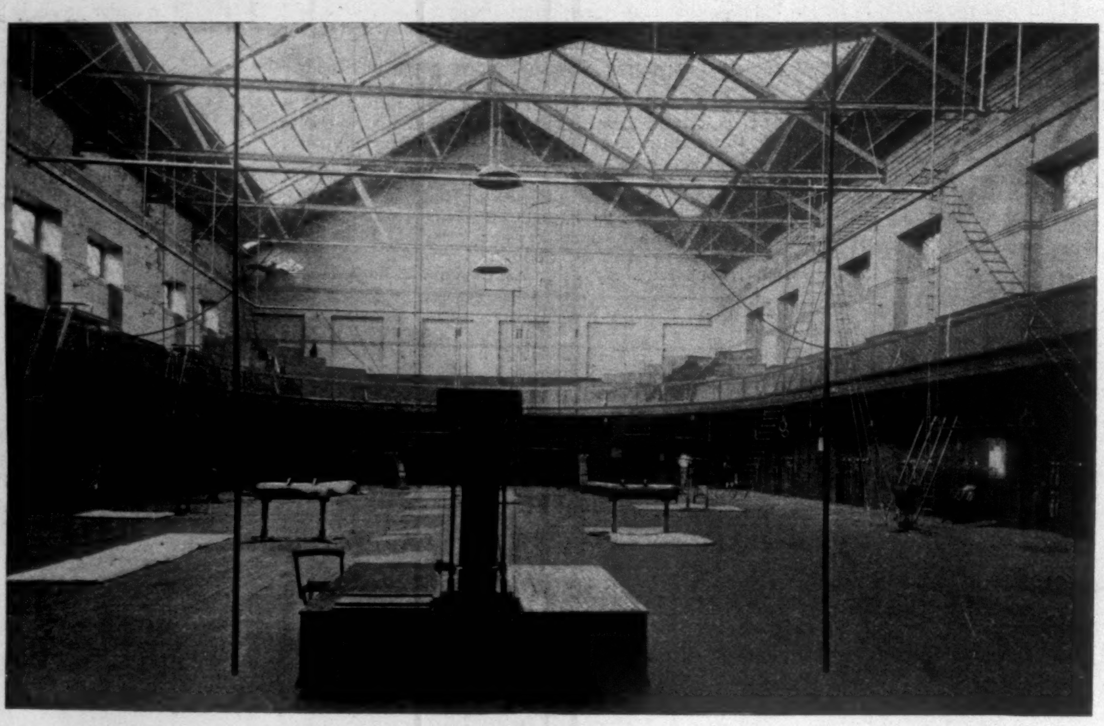


EXTERIOR VIEW.

two rowing-tanks, 50×27 feet, and seven feet deep, lined with cement, and equipped with eight-oared shells. One is for the use of the 'Varsity and the other for the Freshman crew. And both crews and candidates have special marble bathing appliances and private dressing-rooms, so that they are apart from the rest of the students.

The next floor is occupied by the locker-room. This is 80×40 feet, and 20 feet high, finished in white adamant plaster, with cornices, consoles, and columns, all of fire-proof materials. The room contains one thousand lockers, with twelve presses for towels, sheets, etc., all finished in hard-wood, which, with the toilet-room of marble, makes a beautiful appearance. The lockers are all provided with combination locks. Keys are not used in the building. On this same floor will be found the measuring-room of Dr. Seaver, the office of Dr. Anderson, the boxing and fencing rooms, and the club-rooms. The trophy-room is on this floor, and beautifully decorated in white marble, adamant plaster, ornamental ceiling, panels, and columns; it is the prize room of the building. The entire floor is made of marble, and large pier-glasses are placed over the open fireplace. Connected with this room are coat and toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen.

The entire third floor is devoted to the exercise hall, having an elevated running track fourteen laps to the mile. The main hall is one of the largest to be found, offering a floor space of over ten thousand square feet, and being from 22 to 56 feet in height. The skylight, which is of iron and hammered glass, covers nearly the entire roof, and is the largest of its kind. The sides of the walls are of buff brick, with offset brick cornices. The room is approachable from the main stairway, and from a series of two iron spiral stairways, which are in no way connected with the main staircase. The balconies are supported by a new method, and are not suspended.



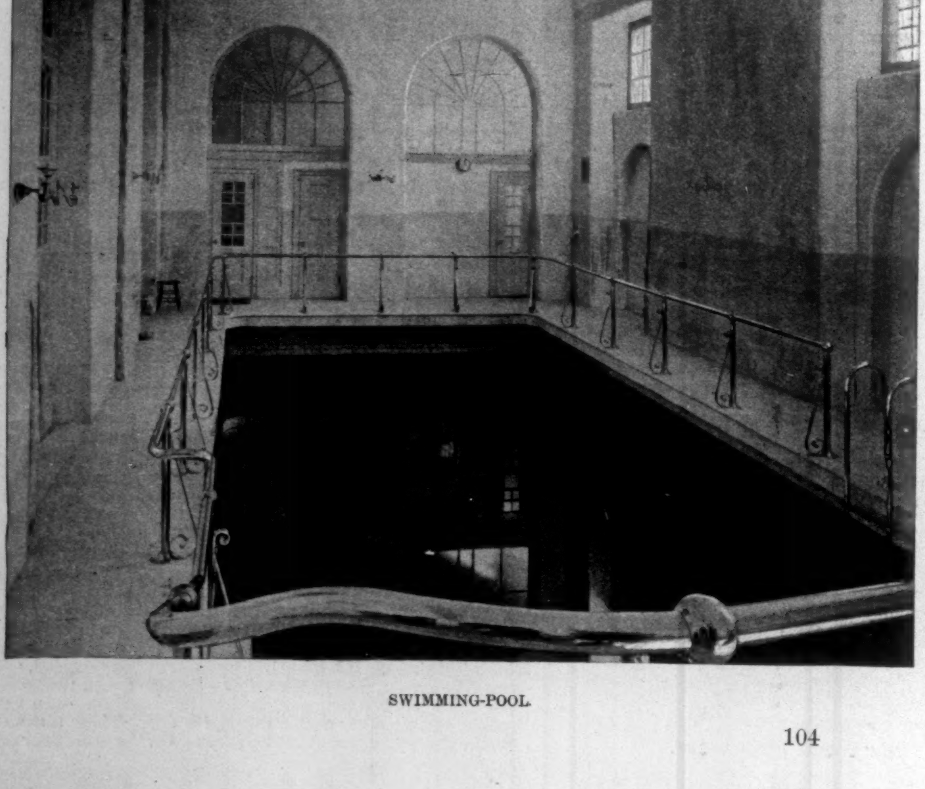
THE GYMNASIUM.

The building is controlled by three directors, Professor E. L. Richards, J. W. Seaver, M.D., who has the theoretical, and William G. Anderson, M.D., in charge of the practical. These are assisted by Mr. H. S. Anderson, who is in charge of the main floor.

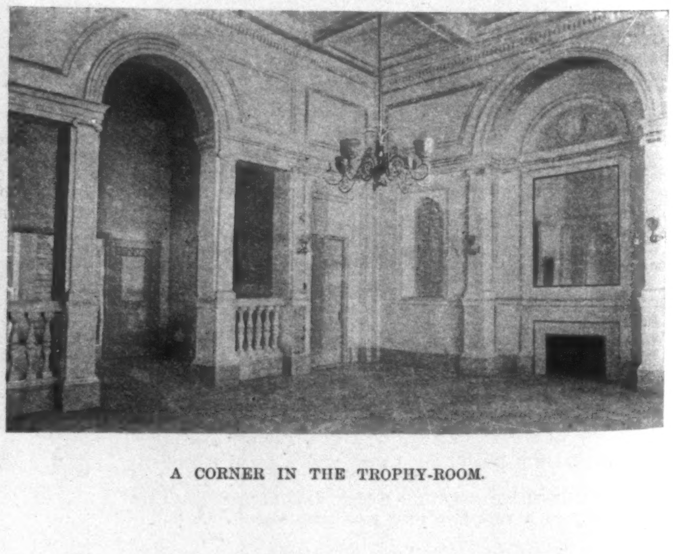
For the past ten years a physical examination has been made of each student on entering college, for the purpose of ascertaining what were his special physical deficiencies and needs. This method of examining and testing college men has been in vogue in Amherst for over thirty years, and will be continued here in the new gymnasium. Not only are their records made, but at the time of physical examination some fifty measurements are taken that serve as a basis of judgment in regard to the growth of the individual under the various forms of exercise which he may take. Tests are also made of the condition of the nervous system and special senses. An examination of the eye is of special importance to the student, where it is brought into constant use, and where any slight error of refraction may be the cause of serious inconvenience or even ill health. The early detection and treatment of the error of refraction will even prevent a premature break-down of either the eyes or the nervous system.

At present each physical examination is followed by a report of the case to the instructor who is in charge of the main floor, and a card stating the deficiencies and needs is given him, who prescribes suitable exercises for the individual.

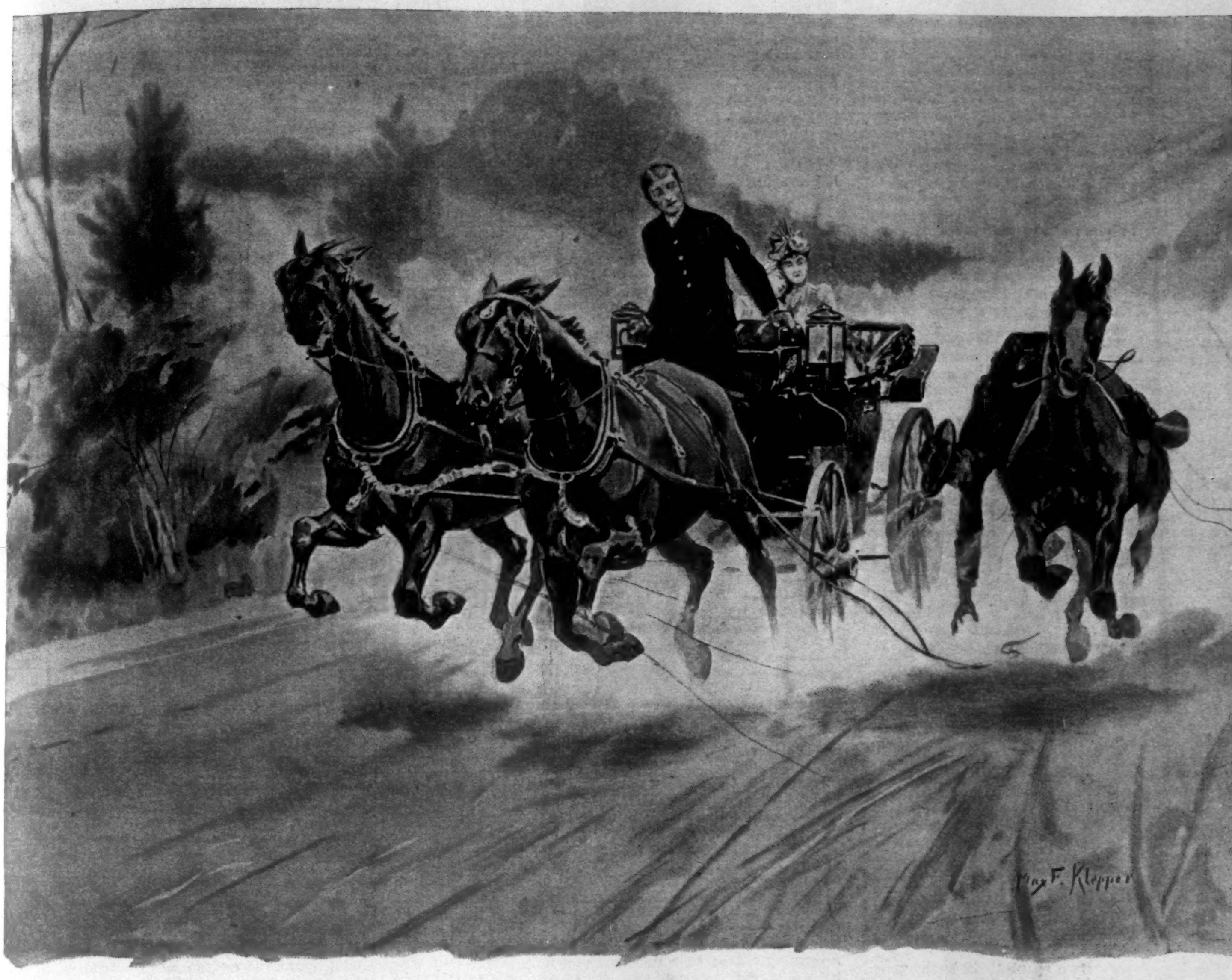
In this work for the student's physical welfare no university in the universe is now so well equipped as Yale.



SWIMMING-POOL.



A CORNER IN THE TROPHY-ROOM.



THE LITTLE TIN GOD.

BY J. PERCIVAL POLLARD.

JUST because he had lived all his young life in Texas, and had learnt to ride everything that bucked, besides getting a great deal of information about human nature in the rough, he thought he knew life. He came East with a Western air of bravado that would have been charming if it had not been so undeserved. He was *blasé* only in a new way. But, as he afterwards found out, the prairie is only a very small corner of the world, and as a school it is decidedly elementary.

When the Grand Trail made way for the great through lines of rail, his father, who was one of the cattle kings, went out of business, and came to the East to spend the rest of his days in civilization. He had been there before he went to Texas, and he longed for the good old taste of it once more. But his son came to the new life like a bull to a red rag. He talked everlastingly about the "effete" East, and said that civilization had sandpapered the manliness all out of the world, and raised a race of milk-and-water maidens whom the next passing wind might waft away. All these things he declared with much emphasis, and with all the conviction that inexperience and ignorance invariably affect.

When the blare of him began to get wearisome to us, we held a consultation. It was decreed that he was to be humbled. "And a girl must do it!"

So it began. He was taken from ballroom to theatre, and from theatre to receptions. He was detailed to afternoon teas, and victimized for pink luncheons. And all of this only made him worse. That was as it should be, and so we wanted it. It was the end we looked to, not the beginnings. All the while that he railed at "effeminate enjoyments," we laughed to ourselves. A man may have lived in Texas all his life, and have consorted with Ben Thompson (than whom no man ever shot straighter), and yet be made of the commonest clay and very human.

It was Madge Collingwood who was detailed to take the Little Tin God, as we soon came to call him, in hand, and teach him the way he should go. She was a pretty girl with brown eyes that could look tender as a collie one minute, and stern as a house front the next, and she was always ready for excitement. When we broached the matter to her gently, she said: "What, that woolly thing? Why, I'm no missionary!" But she finally consented with an almost eager air after the whole beauty of the thing had been explained to her. And from that hour began the decline and fall of the Little Tin God.

Whenever Madge met him she smiled. Now Madge has one of the most delicious smiles in the world. It is like a sun-ray on a wave. At first the Little Tin God used to frown a little as he raised his slouch-hat, because he had been thinking how much more graceful a cowboy's seat in the saddle was than that of the Central Park rider, but after a while he began to let his thought dwell a little on the owner of that smile. It occurred to him with something of a shock that down in Texas there was no such smile to be had for love or money. The girls on the prairies were something in the nature of indefinite streaks of brown gown and immense sunbonnets, and when you saw their faces you thought of tanned leather. Even in town, when he had been in Austin spending his month's allowance, he had noted nothing but complexions that needed the heaviest of veils, and voices that had in them a weariness born of a parched throat. But Madge's voice when she said, bowing sweetly, "Mr. Placer, how do you do? Was there ever so charming a day?" was sweet enough to charm an image. After this sort of thing had happened a few times he was actually seen to walk with her a little distance, chatting. Madge said that he talked all the while about his feeling so "danged cramped-up like in these yere towns," but she said she was prepared to suffer in the good cause.

A characteristic conversation took place during one of these strolls. "Pretty soon," he was saying, "I don't stand this here life much longer. There's the old man, he wants me to stay here and see life and become cultured. Jest as if I hadn't seen all there was of life! And what do I want with culture? Catch me fooling away time with books and pictures and that truck! Well, I leave it to you, is there any good in civilization?"

"Certainly; a great deal. You can see it all around you, if you will only look. But what use is there in your prairie paganism? None at all. You brand your cattle, rope your steers, and spend the rest of your time in sneering at the people who can't or won't do that sort of thing. Civilization is much finer than that. It never sneers at the things it despises; it only pities them. Besides, it is not the physical things that make life worth living; it is the fine things, the delicate, graceful attributes of the days and their people. A spring day on the Avenue, when the dog-carts are passing swiftly, and well-dressed women are going by in a steady stream, cheeks of ruddy red, and walks of Juno's stride, the scent of violet bouquets in the air—all that is even a prettier picture than when the wild flowers are blooming among the mesquite grass, I venture to say. But why do I talk to you? You will not understand. You are not worth it."

"No," he responded, "I reckon mebbe I'm not. But, you see, it can't well be helped; you have your way of looking at things, and I have mine, and they're everlastingly different, that's all."

And yet, somehow, almost imperceptibly the views of the youth from Texas began gradually to assume a less decided and critical aspect, at least so far as they were openly expressed. He still rebelled inwardly, perhaps, but he no longer reviled openly. He began to go to theatres and attend recitals, and all that sort of thing, and always with Madge. She said it was really getting to be a most amusing procedure, this taming of a Western shrew, male edition. He used to do the most dreadfully shocking things at first in defiance of all etiquette, but she even got used to that. She declared that to know the Little Tin God as she did was a liberal education in simplicity, and provocative of disbelief in the theory of original sin.

One day, in the early summer, Jack Placer—for that was the young man's name in his baptism in the waters of the Rio Grande—was riding leisurely in the Park. He had long ago got used to the ridicule of the street urchins, who objected to his lack of Rotten Row attitudes in the saddle, and he took a canter through those spacious avenues very often, thinking a good deal of the Texas prairies and their delightful freedom. Well, on this day he was aroused suddenly from a reverie by a curiously uneven clatter of hoofs behind him. He looked round to where a cloud of dust was rapidly approaching, and soon perceived that it was caused by a runaway. On they came, the frightened horses galloping along in mad recklessness, the driver white and nerveless in his long black coat, and in the body of the carriage two women shrieking. It was only a moment and Jack had set spurs into his pony's sides. As the carriage came nearer and nearer the rider increased his own speed, until they were racing in parallel swiftness. Then, through the cloud of dust about the rapidly moving mass, the frightened bystanders saw the rider's big sombrero dip down, down, until it seemed as if the owner must be falling off his steed. For several seconds they raced thus; then the man's body came up with a sharp skilful jerk, and in his hand were the reins that the maddened horses by his side had torn from their driver's hands and flung into the road, where they had been trailing like writhing hoop-snakes. The reins were fastened about the high horn of the Texas saddle, that had always seemed so useless to the sneering Park riders. Gradually the speed of the obedient pony was slackened until the runaways began to feel the reins again; a few more yards and they stood still, panting, steaming, and quivering in fear and weakness. For the first time Jack turned to look at the occupants of the carriage. Then he uttered a quick inarticulate exclamation, handed the reins to the humbled and apologetic driver, and rode up to the side of the vehicle.

It was to Mrs. Collingwood and the unconscious form of Madge that he lifted his hat.

"She's fainted," said her mother. "Will you tell the coachman to drive home as quickly as he can? And if you would ride along too, in case those horses—"

When they reached the Collingwood door, Madge's eyes were still closed. Jack had jumped off his pony, and the Texas-trained beast was standing there, rocklike, with the reins trailing over its head on the gravel. Mrs. Collingwood looked around her a little helplessly. Then she turned to Jack, who was holding open the door, and looked from him to her daughter's fainting form.

"Won't you tell her father, please, that he must help me to get her up stairs?"

But Jack smiled a little scornfully, and proceeded to take the girl's body in his arms and carry her out of the carriage into the house.

"Next thing I know," thought the unregenerate son of Texas, "they'll be wanting to hire me for some Wild West show in this town." Just then it seemed to him that the eyes of his burden opened, and that a soft sigh escaped the lips. Then he heard her murmur, and this time she was looking at him, oh, so softly! "How brave it was—how brave!" The eyes closed again, but a wonderfully sweet smile passed over the face, and when he gave way to the excited army of relatives who swarmed up, each with a different restorative, it seemed to him as if he had just breathed a something so indefinably sweet, so lovely, that it almost bewildered him. He did not know what was the matter. It was as if he had caught the scent of the cedars on a spring day in Texas. He rode away so fast that a Park policeman thought seriously of pursuit and reprimand. When he returned home his pony was all in a lather.

The shock didn't hurt Madge at all. Her nerves had been a little upset, that was all. The next day she greeted Jack just as cheerily as of yore, and chaffed him quite as mercilessly, and yet it seemed as if there was something wanting in her raillery. Was it sincerity? We could not know. We contented ourselves with chaffing both of them as soon as we discovered all the particulars of that Park adventure. And the Little Tin God no longer replied with fierce philippics against us, our ways, and our North. He was placid, almost docile. Surely here was a great change! We prepared to congratulate Madge upon the excellent success of her mission.

But about this time one of us decided that he wanted Miss Madge for a wife, and told her so, whereat she sweetly but decidedly shook her pretty head; and yet it was a thing that all of us had always considered as one of the certainties. She flirted in an equally charming manner with all of us, to be sure, but with this man there had always seemed to be less of frivolity in her fascinations.

We shook our heads and wondered. You see, we didn't know then that Jack had been asked by his father if he didn't want to go down to Texas again, and that Jack had politely declined. If we had known that—

The Collingwoods gave a reception. We were all there, and we were ready to enjoy ourselves immensely. One always did have a brilliant time at that house. The evening had got along pretty well, when there was a call for Madge; they wanted her to sing. But there seemed to be no Madge visible. We began a joint search. Somebody headed for the conservatory, and we became aware of two people engaged in silent communion in a shadowy nook of that fern-covered spot. Almost before we could stop and retreat we saw that it was Madge and Jack, and the rascal had his arm around her. They saw us too, then, and stood for a while almost defiantly. Then Madge said to us all, "I—I've converted him, haven't I?" She had, but it was not exactly as we had intended that consummation. And Jack said: "You called me a Little Tin God, didn't you? Perhaps I was, because I've won a goddess." Which was a pretty compliment, and shows that love will teach where nothing else will.

From Texas, where these two spent their honey-moon, came reports that Jack had addressed his fellow-members of the noble army of cowboys and high priests of philistia thus:

"Boys, I reckoned to come down here again hating the North worse 'n poison, but the North's a heap better'n we thinks. Why—the North—is *her* home!" And then he introduced his wife, and made much of her before them all.

And this was the decline and fall of the Little Tin God.

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

BY THE REV. W. S. RAINSFORD.

Shortly before his election by convention Bishop of Massachusetts I spent a day and night with Phillips Brooks. Even to his intimate friends he seldom readily and with ease spoke of himself. When, therefore, late into the night (it was Sunday, and he loved to sit up, smoking and chatting with a friend or two after Sunday work was over), we were left alone, I was deeply moved when he himself let our talk take a personal drift.

I had known him since 1876. Then as a very green and unaccustomed English stranger, he had taken me in and made me preach at Trinity. In a hundred ways since then he had helped me to larger views of the truth of God. I had many times tried to speak about my own personal wants and fears, and had found that such confidences seemed to be rather unwelcome and difficult to him. But this evening I felt near the great good heart of the man as he passed from discussion of the work we were given to to his own experiences and life. He spoke frankly of the possibilities of his leaving Trinity. I said something of the deep pain such a move would cause. "Yes," said he, "but I feel I have delivered what was given me to say, and now nothing remains for me but to amplify it." Wisely and accurately he summed up his life. So it seemed to me that night. So it seems now.

Bitterly as we mourn him, greatly as we need him, much as we expected from him within our House of Bishops and without, no man could doubt, of all those who loved him and learned from him, that his own view of his ministry was the true one. A man of his time, inheriting all that was best in Puritan ancestry and tradition, and thus fitted pre-eminently to mould and influence the descendants of the Puritan, he was a true spiritual descendant of that great-hearted pastor John Robinson, who, with a prophetic instinct that rose superior to the narrowness of his day, to the little band embarking more than two hundred years ago for these shores from Delfthaven delivered as a final solemn injunction, "Beloved brethren, I charge you to believe that God has yet more light to break forth from His Word."

Here lay the power of Phillips Brooks's ministry. With all his soul and mind and strength he believed in the living God who upholdeth all things by the word of His power, whose nature is love, whose home is in the heart of man. He based his thoughts fairly and squarely on the immanence of God. Because there is divine immanence, there must be ever divine evolution. Men are looking in vain for Him without, because they have forgotten Him within. This was his message. Others with more intimate knowledge of the man, and more constant opportunities of watching the results of his wonderful ministry, are better fitted than I to deal with the theological features of it. Many have spoken somewhat slightingly of his powers and gifts as a theologian, yet surely one who moved so continuously and permanently the religious thought of New England shall not in the future be denied a place among her great theologians. Of the theological science, in the old use of the term, he may not have been an expert; but who among the living—yes, who among our dead—has done so much as he to fix the eyes and faith of men on the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? A God revealing in Jesus Christ those laws, that life, by which ever and always, whether in the darkest past or remotest future, He must mould and woo mankind to Himself.

If the theologian is the man who helps the mind of his fellow-man to lean on the divine, Phillips Brooks was no mean theologian.

As a preacher he was easily our first, nor to my mind has there been since Robertson died thirty-seven years ago in Brighton, England, his equal across the water.

Three great elements of power were his—the genius of insight, wonderful powers of expression, and a soul-compelling love. Cried Matthew Arnold,

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the soul resides."

Ah, true! so true! and just because it is so, we revere the genius that, like the fabled demigod of old, brings heavenly fire to the cold ashes of our poor human hearths. Those who listened to the rich tones of his voice, carried beyond themselves, lost to all outer things, the man himself forgotten by them, were wont to say, as was said by the men in the company of the Greatest one evening long ago, "Did not our hearts burn within us as He talked to us by the way, and opened to us the Scriptures?"

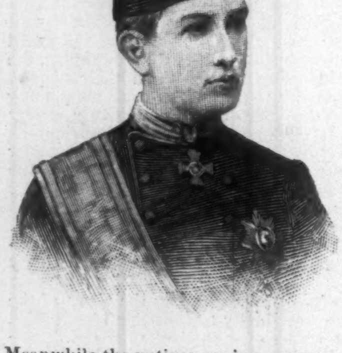
You felt that he lived for men, and loved them, and knew them, and that he lived with God. And so the worship of God was, after all, beautiful and possible, and His service was perfect freedom. You felt that he spake not as one standing on an impossible height (he never made that most common and fatal clerical mistake of talking down to his people), but what he knew, he did; what he said, he was. I know no words of his that bring before me what he strove for more clearly than these, spoken shortly before his death: "We must come back to our Lord again, and everything becomes clear in that clearest life which is our perpetual inspiration and study. You are to cultivate yourselves for the sake of your fellow-men, and you are to serve your fellow-men for the sake of your own self-culture. But you are to save both these efforts from the self-consciousness which is the taint and poison of them both, by forgetting both of these, and by lifting both of them into the very life of God."

He has died as he would have liked to die—in the full vigor of a manhood that had never known the soilure of one ignoble touch. His strength was firm, his natural force not abated, when "the post from the Celestial City sounded his horn at his chamber door."

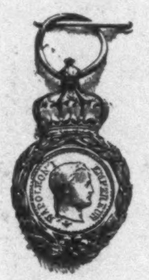
Tens of thousands mourn for him, for by burning word and by brave example he had cheered them onward as he offered them the very bread of Life. Let no man then say the days of the preacher and of preaching are over, that amid the hurry and stress of our life the opportunities of the preacher are passed or are passing away. To a man who understands his time and believes in his God men will reverently listen; they will hail him as a leader, they will trust him and love him as a friend, and among the very chiefest of their benefactors they will delight to count him. Generations hence the memory of Phillips Brooks will be fragrant, and men who never saw him will think of him as one who, like Greatheart in the immortal *Progress*, was specially chosen of his King to guide pilgrims to that Celestial City which, with inspired eye, he so clearly saw.

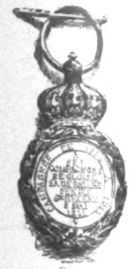
PERSONAL.

Mr. William Astor Chanler, the wealthy young American who is leading an exploring party in savage Africa, has recently been heard from. The letter which was received in London bore the date of November 28, 1892, and was written from Hameye, on the river Tana. This river had been followed by the expedition after leaving the coast, and Mr. Chanler gave glowing accounts of the beauty of the stream. According to the letter, the young leader, with his companion, Lieutenant Hohnal, was to leave the main body for a couple of months and go in search of a lake that was supposed to exist somewhere in the northwest. Ninety men and a servant were to be left as a guard to the caravan, while the rest of the party hunted for the lake. By this time the explorer has probably found out whether or not rumor spoke the truth regarding the existence of the lake, but the outside world must wait a little longer before curiosity is satisfied.



—The young Khedive of Egypt is evincing a spirit of independence not at all in accord with the powers of England, which practically directs the affairs in the land of the Ptolemys. Through the machinations of England the Fakhri cabinet was dismissed. Then the Khedive decided to form another cabinet as he pleased, without any "infidel dictation," as the Prophet's followers put it. The French government sent a little note to England, holding that the Khedive had a right to choose his ministers to suit himself. The Sultan of Turkey telegraphed to his young brother in the faith to the effect that he was glad to see the youth object to English rule. Furthermore, the Sultan signified his intention of presenting the Khedive with six horses. Gladstone's cabinet has discussed the situation, and one thousand more troops and three war-ships are to be sent to Egypt. Meanwhile the natives are in a most excited state, and threatening dire disaster to British interests in Egypt. Just what the Khedive is going to do no one knows; but if he continues to assert his independence there is going to be trouble, and the end cannot be foreseen. But even with the Sultan's magnificent gift, which seems to imply Turkish backing, Egypt and its young ruler will suffer in any event.





—In 1857 Napoleon III. caused a medal to be struck in honor of the veterans of the First Republic and the First Empire. It was called the St. Helena medal, and was only conferred on those old soldiers who had served under French colors between 1792 and 1815, and for a period of at least two years. In the year 1869 this decoration was in the possession of no less than 43,592 veterans, and now, according to the German *Militar-Wochenblatt*, the total has dwindled to 13. In 1877 the number had sunk to 10,540, in 1880 there were 4024 survivors, and in 1890 only 48 worn-out old men remained to answer to any mortal roll-call. Of the thirteen veterans who are yet alive—men who have actually seen "le petit Corporal" face to face—the youngest was born in 1800, and the eldest on July 28, 1786; he is therefore one hundred and six years old. He lives in a hospital for veterans at Lyons. He served with Napoleon in Egypt, and marched with him over the Great St. Bernard. He took part in the Peninsular War and the fatal retreat from Moscow. Five times wounded in Russia, he carries one of the bullets in his body still. His battles and bruises ended at Waterloo, where he served with the Imperial Guard.

—An English paper contains the following interesting American news: "Mr. Charles A. Dana, who has just left here on his way homeward from a visit to Jerusalem, will, it is reported in Legation circles, be almost certainly offered the vacancy at the Court of St. James, but will, it is added, almost certainly decline the post. Mr. Dana is seventy-three, and though strong enough to make a tour of Palestine, does not feel equal to the exacting obligations inseparable from the office of United States Minister." "A more important point really concerns the Secretary of Legation. One of the most popular men in London society is the gentleman who fills this post, Mr. Henry White. Mr. White is practically the Minister, and is indispensable to the Legation in a social sense. He has served under both Democratic and Republican Ministers, a fact which constitutes the best reason for continuing Mr. White in his office. To American travellers in Europe passing through London the Secretary of Legation is everything." To find a statement in an English paper about anything American as correct as is the latter of these two is almost as remarkable as is the absurdity of the first.

—The English painter Burne-Jones is one of the most industrious and painstaking of artists. It is said that there is not a day in his life that he does not make some small sketch in pencil from a study, and he never exhibits a painting until he has given the most careful attention to its details. Some of his pictures hang for years on the walls of his studio before the general public sees them, being left there to await some moment of inspiration for the addition of the finishing touches.

—Belle's letter in the London *World* contains the following comment on the latest international engagement: "I never knew there *was* a Miss Bradley-Martin until I heard of her engagement to Lord Craven, although I have sometimes met her mother, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, who is always very noticeable on account of her lovely jewels. She possesses some of the French crown jewels; and the last time I met her she was wearing some wonderful brooches, with brilliants in them bigger than most marbles, and a chain of diamonds hanging to her waist. You can imagine how the domestic dovecotes are fluttered at the notion that another matrimonial prize has been secured by an American. People talked of nothing else for more than nine days. Millie has been very sharp with me about it, which is a little unfair, as I don't even know Lord Craven by sight; and though a title is something to the good, he has not so much money." The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of the same engagement: "The Earl of Craven, whose engagement to the daughter of the wealthy American, Mr. Bradley-Martin, of New York, is one of the topics of the hour in society, is the nephew of Countess Cadogan, the Countess of Coventry, Elizabeth, Countess of Wilton, Lady Emily Van de Weyer, and Lady Haldon. He is first cousin to Viscount Chelsea, Viscount Deerhurst, and the Hon. Lawrence Palk, and also to the present Marquis of Ailesbury and Lady Mabel Sievier. Lord Craven's principal seat is Ashdown Park, Lambourn, Berkshire, but he also owns Hamstead Marshall, in Berkshire, and Combe Abbey, near Coventry. Lord Craven is a lieutenant in the Berks Yeomanry, and has been A.D.C. to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland."

THE FUNERAL OF EX-PRESIDENT HAYES.

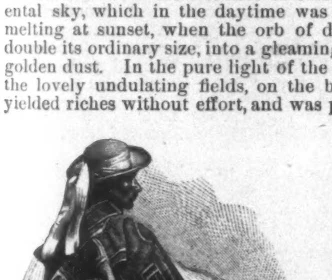
The late Rutherford B. Hayes was laid to rest on the 20th of January. The funeral procession, which is illustrated on another page, was a large one, attended by many mourners in private and civil life, together with a military escort composed of the Cleveland City Troop, the Sixteenth Regiment, Battery D of Toledo, and a number of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. The city of Fremont, Ohio, the residence of the ex-President, was in mourning for their distinguished fellow-citizen, and business was suspended for the day and the public schools closed. The services were held at the Hayes residence, where the body lay in state. At nine o'clock the school-children and the civic societies of the city assembled at the house and passed before the coffin. The decorations were quiet and simple, although the floral tributes, which came from all quarters, were numerous. The services began at two o'clock, being conducted by the Rev. J. L. Albritton, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and President J. W. Bashford, who had officiated at the marriage ceremony of Mr. Hayes forty-five years before. The active pall-bearers were members of the Twenty-third Ohio Regiment, while Secretary Charles Foster, Governor McKinley, J. L. M. Curry, ex-Minister to Spain, Senator Calvin S. Brice, Major E. G. Dawes, General Wager Swayne, General M. F. Force, and W. M. Haynes constituted the honorary pall-bearers. The procession moved from the house to Oakwood Cemetery, where the benediction was pronounced by Chaplain Webster, of the Eugene Rawson Post of the Grand Army. The temperature, which was near zero, prevented any lengthy service at the grave. President Harrison was represented at the funeral by several members of the cabinet, and delegations from the Senate and the House of Representatives were also present. President-elect Cleveland journeyed from New York to attend the services, and in addition were representatives of the State and city, together with members of a number of organizations.

PATRIA SI DREPTUL MEU

BUCHAREST

FOR three long days, on a vessel dressed with flags, I had been floating down the wide, brown waters of the Danube, which rapidly increased in volume like the final movement of a symphony.

Everywhere, whether in town or village, a brilliant reception was accorded me; and yet my eye was not satiated with the richness of coloring beneath the Oriental sky, which in the daytime was of a turquoise blue, melting at sunset, when the orb of day was magnified to double its ordinary size, into a gleaming yellow, strewn with golden dust. In the pure light of the end of November, on the lovely undulating fields, on the black soil which had yielded riches without effort, and was prepared, on demand, to give yet more, on the thick white dust of the wide roads, marked out by the reckless driving of chariots, the bright colors of the costumes of the peasants trooping forth to receive me, stood out in vivid relief—bodices of dazzling whiteness, richly embroidered with red, black, and gold; floating veils of white linen, or of ivory-white or sulphur-colored silk, and petticoats of peony red or claret-color. Men were galloping on their small and thin but swift horses, their goat-skin cloaks floating behind them and looking like a second mane on the necks of their steeds. An embroidered *sayon*, or outer coat, covered their chests, resembling a many-colored tattooing above the sash, which was twelve inches wide, and held a perfect arsenal of pistols and knives. The shirt, also embroidered, fell over their white felt pantaloons; and on their heads were large caps, looking like white furs, beneath which curls of raven-black hair hung down to their shoulders.

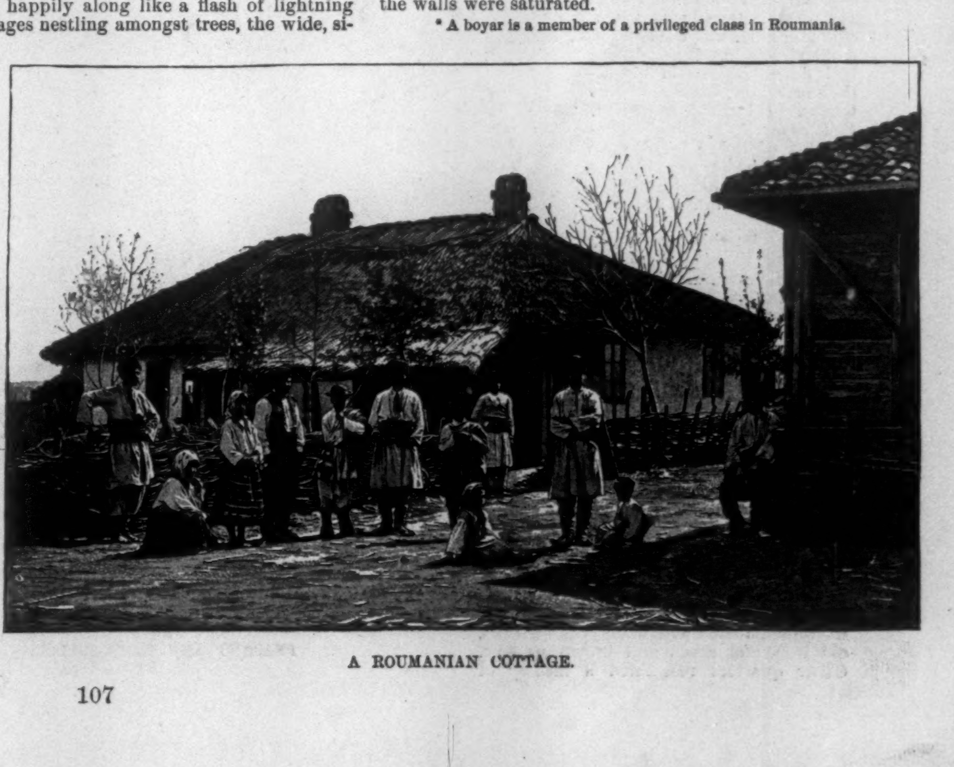

A ROUMANIAN POSTILION.

As I approached these picturesque groups I noticed some men of noble stature, with faces of rare beauty, whose grave expression was but seldom varied by a smile, showing rows of pearly-white teeth. And these faces, of a type so new to me, with the aquiline noses, the delicate quivering nostrils, the marvellously large black or greenish-gray eyes gleaming with a sombre fire, deep-sunk within their sockets, and overshadowed by thick straight eyebrows, the bronzed complexions, the sonorous language, sounding now harsh, now almost guttural, spoken with such ease, indeed with such extraordinary eloquence, by these grave Roumanian men and matrons, and by children whose expression was as soft as the gleam of a star, all combined to produce on me an impression of an intensity and passion unknown in our northwestern climate. And then I noted, with admiration, that the handsome face, of southern type, of my young consort, was in perfect harmony alike with the men and with the country he has conquered for himself by his own unaided effort.

This, then, was my new country! This was Roumania, of which so far I had seen nothing but the vast melancholy plains, the shores of the wide river, and the all but uninhabitable marshes in which the frogs croak amongst the reeds and the wild hemp.

Every now and then a picket of Dorobantzi presented arms, or sounded a flourish of trumpets which was heard on the other side of the water and died away amongst the opposite mountains of Servia and Bulgaria, districts less fertile, it is true, but of brighter aspect and with more inhabitants than Roumania. On a daughter of the Rhine, that Rhine which leaps happily along like a flash of lightning between bright villages nestling amongst trees, the wide, silent, mighty river flowing through uninterrupted solitudes produced an impression of melancholy, and added to that *serrement de cœur* with which I approached the unknown possibilities of my new destiny.

If there be a difficult position in this world it is surely that of a young foreign princess making her entry into her capital. The faces about you express nothing but a cold curiosity, whereas but a few days before every eye that looked on you was dim with tears, and every lip trembled, in spite of the shouts of "Hurrah!" and "God bless you, our dear child; our little princess!" You are no longer a child to any one, and you are astonished to find yourself married; you are afraid of displeasing, and convinced of your incapacity to cope with the grandeur of the mission, which will weigh upon your shoulders like a too heavy mantle.


A ROUMANIAN COTTAGE.

I carried with me, however, one consolation, which I concealed with a kind of shame, and that was my pen. But I should have been as much astonished at being called a poet as a bird would at being called a singer. Can the soul of your soul have a name?

In those days I realized, painfully, that it is not enough to have a soul, however big, full of love, rich in good intentions, and overflowing with affection that soul may be. One must *seem* everywhere—for everywhere it is one's duty to please. Now, for the first time in my life, I thought of my appearance. I had never had time to do so before, for my youth had been passed by the bedsides of the dying, or in the midst of most intellectual society, and my eyes had wept too much to see anything in life but its sadness. With profound melancholy, then, I gazed on the ever-increasing crowds which bore witness to our approach to the capital; and I wondered how often I should find myself powerless to assuage the misery doubtless hidden amongst those gathered here.

With my heart beating against my side as an imprisoned butterfly beats against a glass, with dry lips, cold hands, and trembling knees, with a roar in my ears louder than the boom of the cannon, the clash of the bells, and the military bands playing the national hymn, I tried to smile at my husband, who was explaining what I saw about me, and was rejoicing at the thought of taking his young wife over the first part of the railway he had laid down himself to connect his capital with the Danube. I had to wrestle with the anguish which made my throat contract, the inexplicable uneasiness which had oppressed me for several days, as I descended from the train to speak to all the people grouped upon the quays. But as I left the station to get into the carriage, a cry of admiration escaped me; above the waving plumes, the glittering uniforms, the horses, and the flags, beyond the sea of human heads, I had caught sight of the town nestling between the hills and amongst the green valleys. With its gleaming roofs, its hundreds of little churches, its green, yellow, and blue houses, all bathed in the dazzling sunshine, which made even the wood scintillate like zinc, it reminded me vaguely of Moscow.

Once in the carriage I had to bow perpetually, which is too exhausting to allow one to look about at one's ease, especially when the faintest smile becomes an effort, and every movement of the eyes causes a pain to shoot right through one's head. However, in the long drive from the station to the capital, and then from the capital to the palace, I saw some houses which seemed too small for their inhabitants, men who seemed to touch the roofs of their dwellings with their foreheads, and women wearing green and blue petticoats, and bodices as white as snow, with white handkerchiefs bordered with lace fastened on their heads, and a carnation stuck behind one ear. On first arrival this prevalence of white in country and in town strikes one with surprise; but one soon learns to wear it one's self in preference to anything else, as it is the only thing which stands the sun and dust.

It seems astonishing that each church should have but two bells, and that the effect of a carillon is only produced by the ringing of the bells of a great number of churches; on the day of my arrival especially these churches of Bucharest appeared simply innumerable....

The court of the capital where I was to alight was completely covered with a red dais, which seemed to cast a fantastic light upon the people assembled to meet me, on the red togas of the lawyers, and on the sacerdotal robes of the Metropolitan and the bishops, all of whom had long gray or white beards.

Forty couples were married on this occasion, all the brides wearing a veil of gold net....

"There is the palace," said the King to me.

"Where?" I replied.

"We are entering it now," he answered, with a smile.

Then I understood that it is "the sovereign who makes the palace, as a stone in a field may become an altar."

The palace of Bucharest is an old mansion that had belonged to a boyar,* hastily got ready for our reception. The young sovereign had not had time to think of making it comfortable, for his nights were passed in preparing the overwhelming work of the day; and on the very day of our arrival I found on his writing-table the first plan of the bridge over the Danube, which is to be built at last, after twenty years of patient waiting.

Not a window would shut in this palace, and the damp ascended to the first floor. Even now, twenty years afterwards, I suffer from the fever I contracted in it, and we lost many servants and many horses from the damp with which the walls were saturated.

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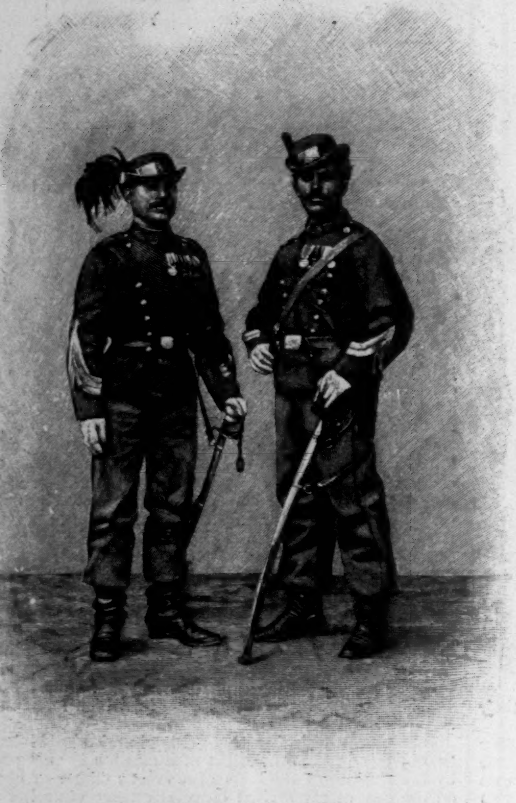
* A boyar is a member of a privileged class in Roumania.

NOTE.—The reader of this charming account of Bucharest will remember that the writer is the Queen of Roumania, the poetess, now, alas, suffering from serious illness, who took the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva in memory of her birthplace, the wood-encircled castle of Mon Repos. The daughter of Hermann, Prince of Wied, and Maria, Princess of Nassau, Carmen Sylva was brought up in a refined and sheltered home. Married on November 15, 1869, to the lover of her choice, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who had been elected ruler of the united principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1866, Princess Elizabeth made the entry into the capital she so graphically describes when she had been a bride but a few days. Since then she was long the very centre and heart alike of the popular and intellectual life of her adopted country, founding clubs for the poor, herself teaching in the schools, translating books into the Roumanian language, gathering about her at court all that is best and noblest in Eastern Europe. During the bloody campaign of 1877 her palace was converted into a hospital, and many a life was saved by her unwearying care. For love of their Regina, as they affectionately call her, the people of Roumania would gladly die, or, which is more difficult for an imaginative people, they would forego their hereditary prejudices for her sake. As we write, Prince, now King, Charles's jubilee is going on, and the future of the Roumanian monarchy seems assured, though, in default of a direct heir, the crown will pass, at the death of the present monarch, to his nephew, Prince Ferdinand of Hohenzollern.—TRANS.

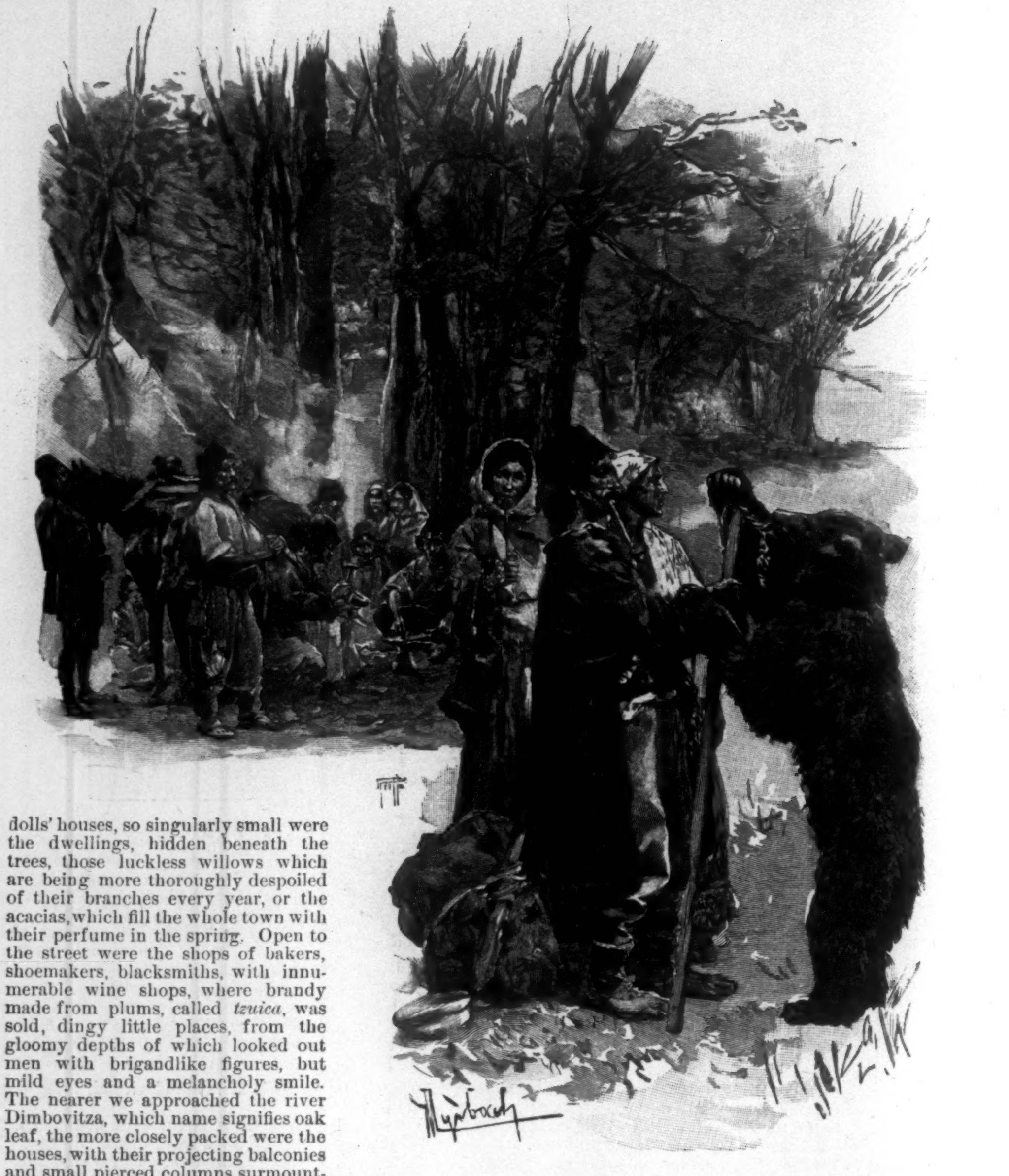
There is no resemblance between the Bucharest of to-day and that at which we were now arriving. Since that time one thousand houses are built, on an average, every year, and slabs of pavement are now laid down in the streets, taking the place of the old flag-stones and ruts.

The palace, too, has gone through a complete transformation. The original building has, it is true, been utilized, giving to the exterior a certain appearance of patch-work; but the inside has a look of home about it, and an altogether individual character.

A sculptor, a true cinque-cento master, named Stohr, who has worked for us for twenty-five years, presided at this transformation, and has decorated our rooms with wainscots and furniture of rare beauty. The throne-room has become a library in the German Renaissance style. The King's private study is a little museum, whilst my apartments contain several valuable old pictures of first rank, on which the light falls from above as in a gallery of paintings.



ROUMANIAN SOLDIERS.



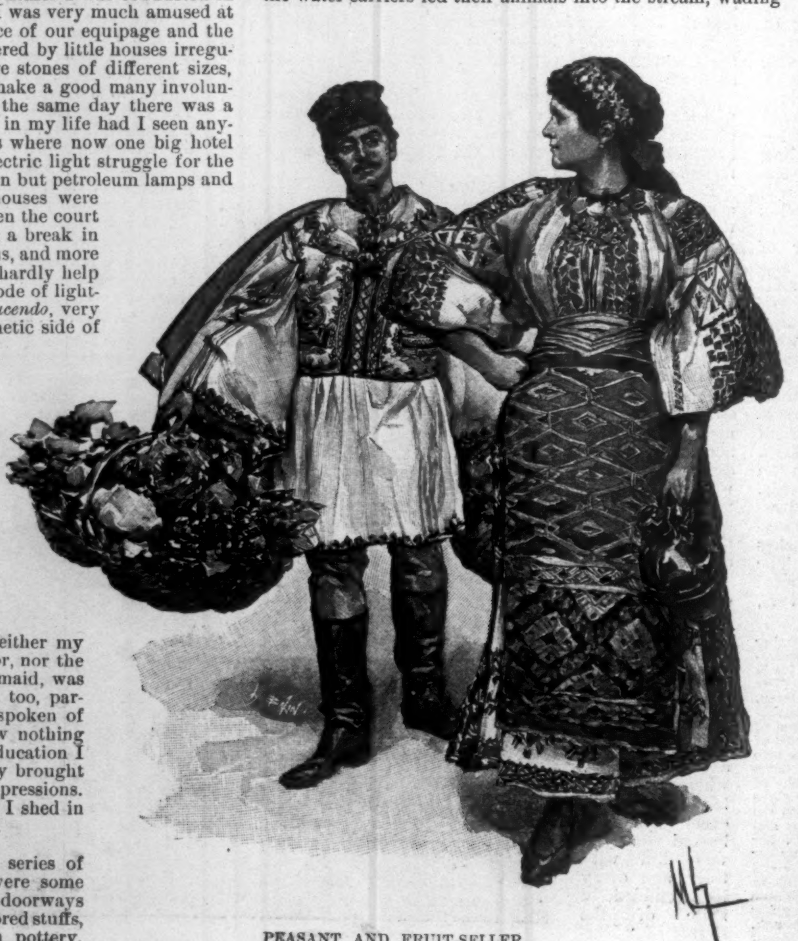
TZIGANES.

What was my astonishment on receiving the ladies of Bucharest, the day after my arrival, at discovering that there was no resemblance whatever between the members of the upper classes and the peasant women! No more matrons of solemn mien and sober veils, but dainty and graceful creatures, reminding me at once of the society of St. Petersburg and Naples. As for the men, they had a French air, at least that is how they struck me when I saw them the next day in the Chamber of Legislature, whither I was conducted in grand state. On that occasion I was very much amused at the contrast between the elegance of our equipage and the streets we passed through, bordered by little houses irregularly built, and paved with huge stones of different sizes, causing me and my diadem to make a good many involuntary bows. On the evening of the same day there was a general illumination. . . . Never in my life had I seen anything like it; in the very streets where now one big hotel touches another, and gas and electric light struggle for the mastery, nothing was then known but petroleum lamps and candles; and as none of the houses were more than one story high, between the court and the garden, there was often a break in the continuity of the illuminations, and more shadow than light. . . . I could hardly help smiling, but I soon found this mode of lighting up, this true *lucus a non lucendo*, very characteristic; and then the pathetic side of it all struck me, for each one had done his best in his little house, however humble his means. I learned, moreover, that every Roumanian makes a point of living in his own house, if it be but of mud, with no floor, with the four walls falling apart, and a thatched roof.

Ask the humblest petitioner where she lives, and she will reply, "*In casele mele*" (In my houses!).

The day after this entry into my capital I had fever. To be ill without knowing any one, neither my husband, nor my maids of honor, nor the doctors, nor even my chamber-maid, was really rather hard. It seemed, too, particularly trying to hear myself spoken of as nervous by people who knew nothing of my past, after the Spartan education I had had, too; nervous and badly brought up appear to me synonymous expressions. Many proud but silent tears did I shed in secret on my pillow at that time.

My first excursions were one series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encumbered with many-colored stuffs, old iron, and green. and brown pottery. Other quarters resembled a medley of dolls' houses, so singularly small were the dwellings, hidden beneath the trees, those luckless willows which are being more thoroughly despoiled of their branches every year, or the acacias, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, with innumerable wine shops, where brandy made from plums, called *tzuica*, was sold, dingy little places, from the gloomy depths of which looked out men with brigandlike figures, but mild eyes and a melancholy smile. The nearer we approached the river Dimbovitza, which name signifies oak leaf, the more closely packed were the houses, with their projecting balconies and small pierced columns surmounted by carved trefoils, giving them something of a Moorish appearance. And then the Dimbovitza itself—now reduced to subjection, supplemented by canals, lined with quays, markets, slaughter-houses, schools, hospitals, barracks, and beautiful churches (too beautiful, perhaps, because too new)—was very different in those days, and presented animated scenes on its banks such as would have delighted poets and artists. People bathed in the beautiful mud in pell-mell fashion, the children splashed about with shouts of delight, the water-carriers led their animals into the stream, wading knee-deep themselves as they filled their barrels. And in the deepest part of the ooze you could see huge forms moving about in confusion; grayish bodies with patches bald of hair, looking like hippopotami in the distance, though the massive horns, curving near the nape of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.



PEASANT AND FRUIT-SELLER.

As time went on I was to make close acquaintance with this clumsy, sluggish, antediluvian beast, so common in Roumania. The cow yields quantities of rich milk, from which excellent cream is obtained, and of which very white but tasteless butter is made. For the buffalo to thrive it must be fed on the dried leaves of maize, and have a bed of mud to wallow in. It would die in the summer without marshes, and in winter if it did not have a subterranean retreat and a woollen covering. In the streets of the town, and in the open country, you see numerous buffaloes harnessed, in single file, to countless heavily laden vehicles, the animals' hoofs sinking deep in the dust in dry weather, and in the mud when it rains. . . . Speaking of mud, what was my amusement the first time I was splashed with it, and that was in one of the principal roads, at finding that it made grease spots on my clothes! And when I saw ploughing! A plough drawn by from four to six oxen, just scratching over the earth with the branch of a tree serving as harrow. . . . This is what they call ploughing here! More than that, the soil is so fertile that it is really all that is needed.

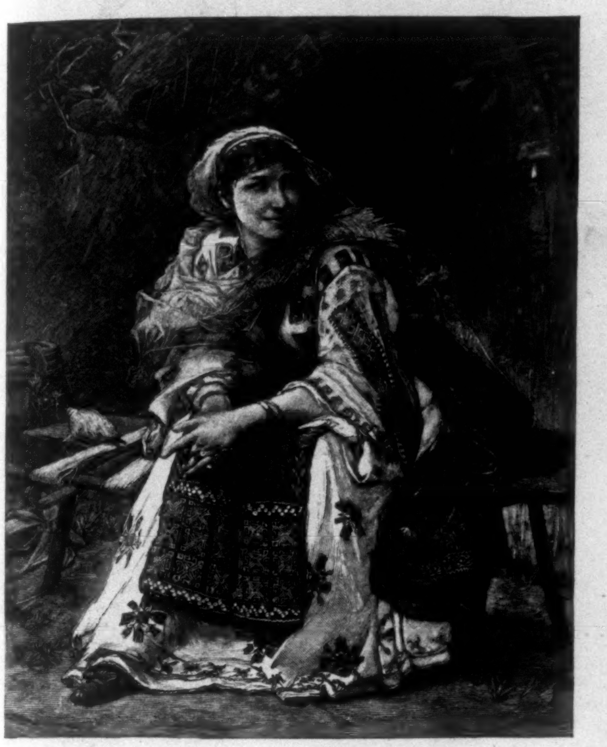
Roumanian carriages are often drawn by horses, eight, twelve, or even sixteen little horses being yoked together in a helter-skelter manner with a kind of packthread. A boy astride on one of them guides them all with one hand, and in the other brandishes a long whip with a short handle. Thus do they cross the wide plains, standing out larger than life against the wide-stretching horizon. The driver, as he goes, sings a melancholy melody, and now and then he halts beside some well to water his cattle. The structures protecting the wells look rather like gallows rising solitary from the midst of the fields. Every man who has sunk a well is blessed, and many are the sins forgiven him. Whosoever drinks, after blowing in the water to drive away evil spirits, is bound to say, "May God pardon him!" Sometimes the charioteer falls asleep amongst the maize, his limbs relaxed, and abandoned to careless repose. . . .

If we suddenly hear in the distance the ringing of small bells and long-sustained cries like the whistles on the railways, we know we may expect to see appear eight horses and two postilions belonging to some wealthy man going to his country-seat at a rate of twenty kilometres an hour. The postilions wear embroidered leather garments, moccasins like those of Indians, hats with long fluttering ribbons, and shirts with wide sleeves that swell out like sails in the wind as they go. Like demons, they double themselves up, scream, crack their whips, talk to their horses, or fling you a greeting as they dash by, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

In the streets of Bucharest there is a perpetual going and coming of carriages, countless hackney-coaches, all open, with just a hood to protect the hirer from the cold, the sun, or the rain. The coachmen are extraordinary-looking creatures, beardless Russians of the Lipovan sect, wearing long black velvet robes, pulled in at the waist with a colored sash.

They drive very rapidly, with the arm stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, steady, and honest. I amused myself sometimes by counting them; no matter what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace; only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, melancholy cries. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk milk, oranges, bonbons, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the still bleeding bodies hung upon poles. To our streets, which are an imitation of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

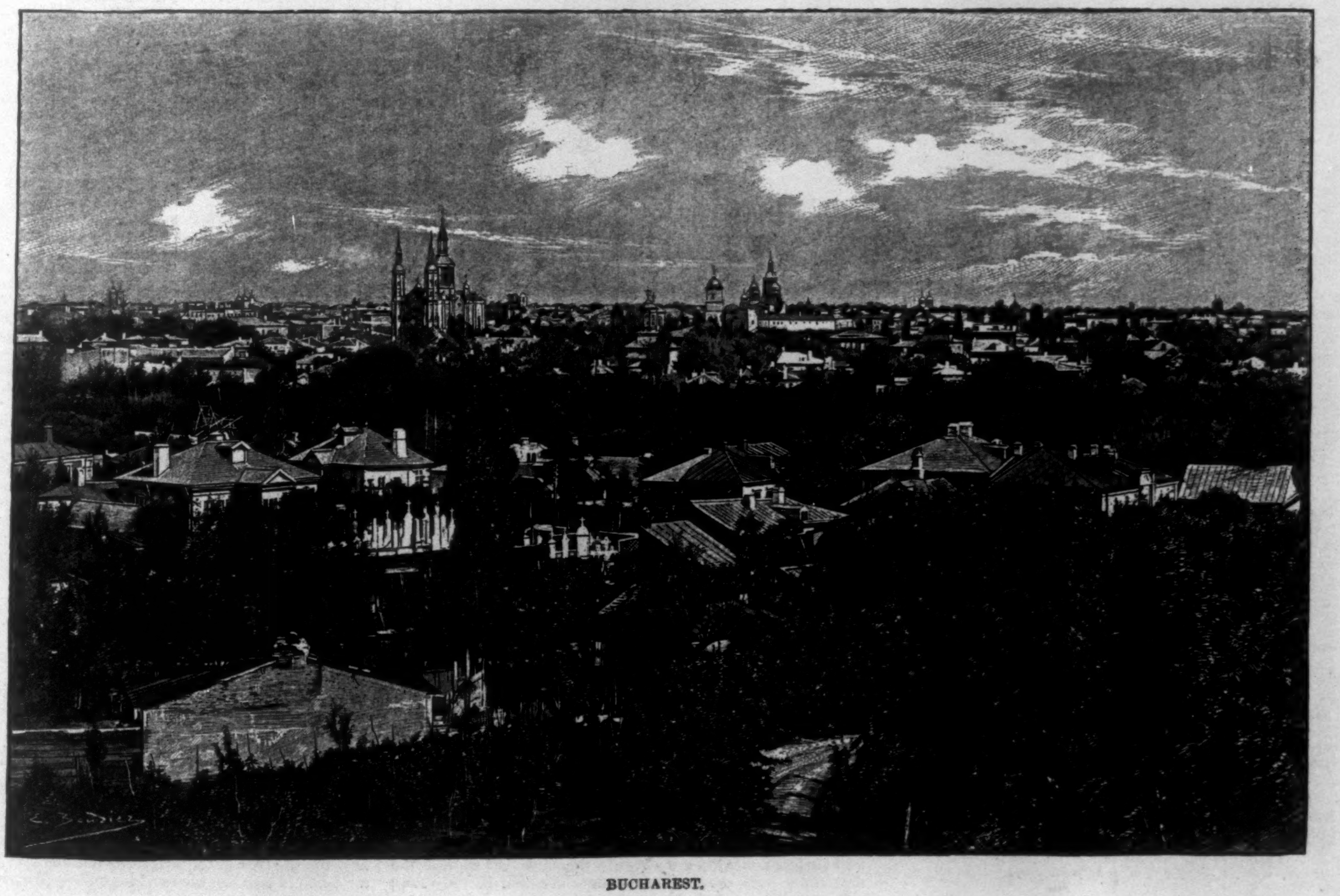


A ROUMANIAN LADY.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.

There is a good deal of amusement going on in Bucharest, and the people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if it be but a couple of onions, a few boiled beans, and half a melon. But for all that there is no real gayety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as are the Roumanians. The very children have a gravity about them unnatural to their years. Their little faces are pinched and pale; their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them.

The Roumanian is never surprised at anything. The *nil admirari* is in his blood; he is born *blasé*. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves, and were



BUCHAREST.

sent to Pasteur in Paris, were no more surprised at what they saw in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies, with his taper in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity which is quite Oriental.

At the ball given at the palace on New-Year's day I asked a peasant deputy, "Does this please you?"

"Well enough," he replied; "but I have seen it before. Here is my wife, though, who sees it now for the first time."

I turned to her. "You think it beautiful, do you not?" I said.

"It's not bad," was her reply, which she gave without a smile.

Neither the floods of electric light, nor the jewels, nor the size of the room impressed them; it was the peasant woman who looked like a queen—cold and disdainful, wrapped to the chin in the severe folds of her veil, gazing with contempt upon all the Parisian costumes and bare shoulders.

On my arrival in the country no lady ever set her foot in the streets. It was not only indecorous to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the drain. Now all the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafés, where people eat strawberries, with champagne and ices, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whereas forty years ago Greek was the only language. We know now what will be played to-morrow at the Porte St. Martin; we criticise the new books and the latest fashions; we cut the reviews as if we lived in one of the faubourgs of Paris, and yet we are divided from Paris by the whole of Europe. Mothers of families retire from the world and deprive themselves of everything for the sake of being able to send their children to Paris, and the wealthier parents, after having had some little experience of the deplorable results of the absence of surveillance, now accompany their daughters.

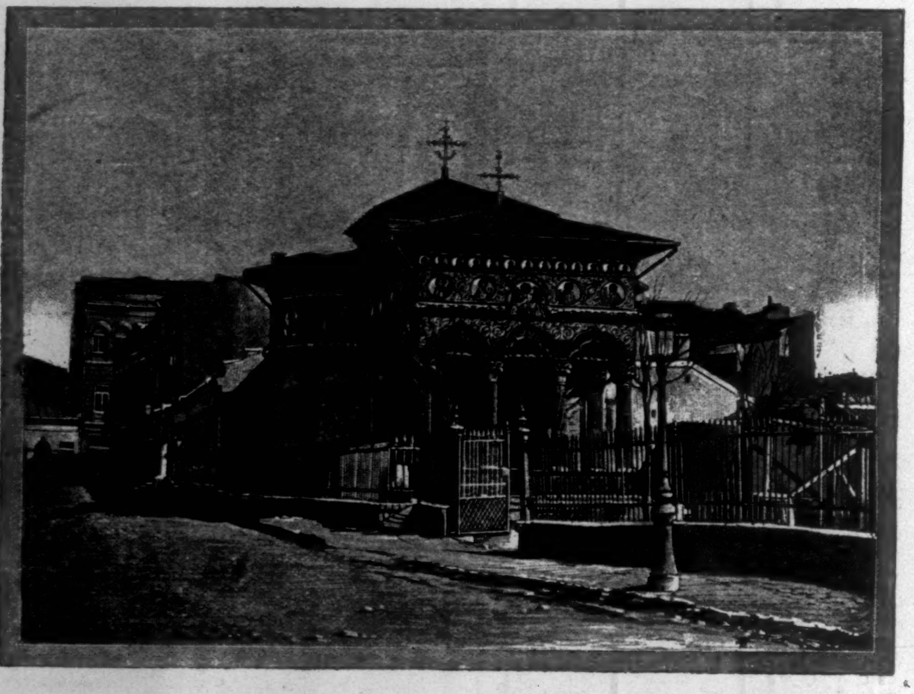
Great fortunes have disappeared in Roumania; the large houses where a hundred sat down to table every day, and as many poor were fed, are closed, and those bearing the grand old names are trying to make a living. A few ancient dames alone still remember the old days, and tell you tales of the time when the boyar received at his levee, seated on his divan, whilst his shaved head and long beard were washed (an operation which took at least an hour), his sons and his whole court standing motionless before him, waiting to know if he would deign to address them. Not even a son ever dared to sit down or to smoke in the presence of his father. Now we are more democratic than the freest of republics, and can take very high rank in setting good manners at defiance!

Education abroad is fatal to family life, and young people do not know that confession to the mother at the end of each day is a better thing than either the École Centrale or the Lycée Louis le Grand of Paris can give. But nowadays everybody must study, and every young girl, whether rich or poor, must take her bachelor's degree.

No mother is fuller of solicitude than the Roumanian; she is a perfect slave to her children. During the war the devotion of the women of our country greatly astonished the foreign doctors. Some of these women never left the hospital, not even at night; they cared for the poor young soldiers as if they had been their own children, saying to themselves that perhaps to-morrow their own boys might be wrestling with the horrors of death among strangers.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of climate, and the pestilential marshes which surround Bucharest, are a cause of perpetual anxiety to mothers.

Words are powerless to describe the time of the epidemic of diphtheria, when as many as three children were buried in one coffin, when whole streets were depopulated, the inhabitants all dead; families of five or seven children swept away in one week—the poor mothers going out of their minds. It was like the last plague of Egypt, and the people called this scourge the *white pest*. Not one house was spared.*....



THE STAVROPOLEOS CHURCH.

It was after this terrible time that taking the dead through the streets in open coffins was put a stop to. Previously a funeral was a kind of public fête; on a funereal car covered with gilded angels, garlands, and ribbons, the dead maiden was carried forth in her last ball dress, with hair dressed by the barber, and decked with flowers, and often even with her face rouged so as to look better! A military band playing Chopin's funeral march followed the corpse. It was like looking on at a "Dance of Death" to see the head of the deceased rolling from one side to the other of the satin pillow, whilst women shrieked, tore their hair, and smote upon their breasts. Now the loss of all this is made up for by crowds assembling in the churches, where the dead lie in state, the people jostling each other in their struggles to look on the face of the corpse or to kiss its hand. In the country the dead are still buried in accordance with the ancient rites; the obolus for Charon, the ferryman of hell, is placed in the mouth of the corpse, corn is put into the coffin, and the body is drenched with wine before it is lowered into the earth. On All-Saints day the so-called *colivo*, a kind of cake made of corn and sugar, is placed on the graves of the departed. "I shall eat of thy *colivo*," is an ordinary form of oath, an imprecation often heard.

A STREET OF OLD BUCHAREST.

On Sundays and fête-days the people of Bulgaria take their rest in a very peculiar manner; they dance from morning till evening with a perfectly solemn air, holding each others' hands, and shaking a handkerchief; they turn round slowly, of course, as they keep up the dance for twelve hours. Gypsies so dark that they look almost like negroes stand in the middle of the circle, scraping in melancholy fashion on their violins or mandolins, beating their dulcimers, and blowing on their shepherds' flutes till their lungs are quite exhausted. Round and round and round again go the dancers to the monotonous sound of this sad but exquisite music, the steps only changing with the rhythm of the melody, which is of Arabic character. At the end of the long monotonous day the performers are quite giddy and stupefied, and sink into a kind of dreamy, confused state of mind.

The people of Bucharest are very fond of flowers; there is not a window in the town without a few pots of geraniums, carnations, or mignonette. On the other hand, trees have anything but a good time of it here; the summer heat parches them up, and the winter kills them; men strip them of branches or chop them down, so that there is not a beautiful park, scarcely even a shady garden, to be seen. The difference of temperature between winter and summer is seventy degrees Centigrade. The plants from the north succumb beneath the torrid sunshine of August; those from the south to the snow-storms of January. The quantity of snow that falls, however, protects the soil from the intense cold, and makes Roumania a country of vineyards *par excellence*. There are three seasons in Roumania, of which one only—autumn—is fine. There is no such thing as spring. The two sledging months are a rest to the ears. As soon as the first snow falls, nothing but sledges are seen in the town; even the carriages are mounted on skates, and the houses are no longer shaken by the perpetual passing of traffic. Sometimes a snow-storm buries the low houses of the faubourgs, and eleven people once perished in a single night at the gates of Bucharest. It is no rare thing for wolves to come into the town.

At such times the snow no longer seems to fall, but to be performing a tumultuous whirling, up-and-down dance, so that men and beasts are blinded, and merely go round and round when they think they are advancing.

The great cemetery of Bucharest is worthy of a visit. It commands a view of the whole town, a view which is especially grand in the evening, when the sunset bathes houses, churches, clouds, and dust in a glow of purple and violet tints, with here and there gleaming, scintillating points of light from the roofs and windows. Very touching, very naïve, too, are the inscriptions on the picturesque tombs, which are adorned with photographs and locks of hair framed in the marble of the crosses. Food is even sometimes placed on the graves, as in the days of the Romans. In fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One feels that they are constantly visited; and as night falls the little lamps which shine out on every side give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried amongst the strange scents peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day, in the silence eloquent with the presence of the countless sleepers beneath the soil. The town shone as if illuminated, and its sounds came muffled by the distance like waves breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stanched in the solemnity of the immutable peace—at least this is generally the case; but I remember once seeing an official of high rank, generally cold and impassible enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time at Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good-Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

On Easter eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and every one comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Some of these churches are scarcely larger than a room; they are surmounted by a mushroom-shaped bell tower, and painted inside in the most fantastic manner. There are some "Last Judgments," with a kind of red serpent, in which struggle devils and condemned souls, whilst the redeemed look on with serene and unmoved countenances. There, too, we see founders holding up a church on the points of their fingers, and with their numerous progeny grouped about them, the sons on one side, the daughters on the other, all exactly alike in face, and differing only in height. Every church has its own tradition, and special facilities for granting certain petitions. In one you can secure the marriage of your daughter, in another the death of your enemy; in this you can bring discord into the house of your neighbor, in that you can secure the cure of a malady; in yet another the detection of thieves. There are men who are slowly killed by the offering in certain churches of tapers exactly their height; as these tapers burn, the persons indicated feel themselves wasting away, and when the tapers go out they die. One of our old servants imagined himself doomed to death in this manner. I said to myself, "To children we must offer the consolations of children," and I sent another taper of his height to another church, persuading him that the prayer of the just is more efficacious than that of the wicked. What was my horror when the person who had wished for his death died herself three days afterwards!.... He himself, however, has been very well ever since, and is now quite plump.

A certain church was built by three young girls who loved the same man. They agreed that the one who still loved him when the building was finished should be the one to marry him. But, alas! when the whole thing was done, the girls all loved him as much as on the first day. Then they all went into a convent together.

Another chapel was built by a woman who had lifted her hand against her husband. (It is considered quite natural that a husband should beat his wife; a young wife, indeed, once wished for a divorce because her husband did not beat her, and she thought it proved he did not love her. But for a woman to beat her husband is considered such an enormity that the guilty one is accursed, and condemned for life to spin at her distaff day and night without rest or break.) The woman who had struck her husband had long been walking about in road and field, never ceasing to ply her spindle; at last she vowed that where the spindle fell, exhausted from fatigue, she would build a church. It fell at last for the first time, but a plum-tree immediately sprung up on the spot. She did not think she ought to pull it up to build, so she went on her way. A second time the spindle fell, but up sprung an apple-tree, so on she went with her ceaseless toil. When the spindle fell a third time, a spring of water gushed forth from the ground, and the girl said, "There must I build beside the living water," and from that day she had rest.

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* Pathos is added to this account by the fact that the writer herself lost her only child, a lovely girl of four years old, from diphtheria.—Trans.

Another woman had been visited by every possible misfortune; she had lost her husband and all her children, and yet her hair had not turned white. Now the Roumanians are afraid of women whose hair does not turn white, and they looked upon her as accursed and uncanny. She prayed day and night, but her hair remained black. Then she thought she would build a church; but it did no good, her hair was as black as ever. At last, one night, she dreamt that a voice told her to climb on the roof of her church when the first snow fell, to catch the falling flakes and cover her head with them. So she climbed on the roof, and covered her head with undriven snow; one by one the hairs turned white. When the poor creature came down she was all white, but tired—so tired that she laid her down and died!

A barren woman had prayed for a child in all the churches. She dreamt that if she stole a stone from every church already built, and with the collected stones erected yet another, she would become a mother. So one by one she carried the stones, making pilgrimages all over the country. When she had a good big pile she began to build, and the day the new church was finished she found a deserted child upon her threshold. This child she adopted!

The large church of Sarindar (the name of which comes from the Neo-Greek word signifying "fortieth") was built by Prince Mathieu Bassarabi, to atone for the assassination of his brother-in-law. He had gone to Constantinople to ask for the absolution of the patriarch, who had ordered him to build forty churches. This, the finest of all, was the fortieth. The same prince introduced the Roumanian language into public worship and into schools, in place of the Slavonian, which he did not understand.

The exercise of benevolence is fraught with great difficulties in Roumania; work must be found for the poor to do at home, for no one will go out to service: the cooks are Tziganes, the domestic servants Transylvanians or Hungarians, and every one must have state employment.

There is one society for distributing wood in winter, another for giving work, yet another to protect the village industry of making embroideries, which are as fine as any Oriental work, and have a character all their own. I have seen poems written, I have seen painting done, compositions made, lives lived, but never did I see real embroidery produced till I came to Roumania. On the bodice of a young peasant girl I one day noticed that the embroidery on one of the sleeves on one side only crossed the embroidery of the shoulder-piece. I asked the girl the reason of this, and she replied, "That is called a wandering stream." The language of our peasants is as flowery as Nature herself; they never speak but in fanciful images. "How are you getting on at home?" I asked one day. "Like a racking cough," was the reply. "How are you to-day?"—"Like a dog in a cart." "You have a son?"—"I have had two pines, but the storm has laid them low." Now hear the cry from a mother's heart to her daughter: "Thy child is crying, thou hast let it fall; dost thou not know that thou should hold it like a little carnation?" "How is thy sweetheart?"—"Like the young corn in a field of maize."

No Roumanian will ever admit that he is quite well. "Deh!" he cries, "not so bad." Nor will he acknowledge that things are at the worst.

Another peculiarity is that a Roumanian will never assent fully to anything or make a positive assertion. You tell him something of which you are absolutely convinced, and, after listening to you in silence, he says, "It is possible, perhaps." Or you ask him where he is going, and he says, "I am about to go to the fields." And for centuries past the peasants never knew when they went to the fields whether they would return alive. When, during the war, I asked the wounded how they were, they invariably replied, "Well enough, but I have a pain in my chest, and in the bone of my wounded leg, and in my arm." And perhaps the next day the poor fellow who had thus answered me was dead.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people. With their superstitions, their childlike piety, they combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod of the head before taking up her post at his bedside, there to nurse him day and night. I have heard some brave hero crying out in his agony for his mother, and covering the hands of that mother with kisses.

One poor wounded fellow, with the lower jaw destroyed, and hideous to look upon, wanted to dictate a letter to one of my ladies in waiting. This letter was to his wife, and he began with the usual formula: "I hope this letter will reach you in the happiest moment of your life. As for me," he went on, "I wish to tell you that I am very well off here, and that I am wounded in the chest."

At this the young girl who was writing paused in astonishment. "But, Nicolas," she exclaimed, "that is not true."

"Do you think," he answered, "that she would remain faithful to me if she saw me looking so dreadful?"

Once I was sent for to the town to a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in inconsolable despair.

Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed, and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time.

When I arose, my ladies of honor discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder whenever I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.

A handsome young man had died in a tent opposite to mine, and the next morning dawned cold and dreary, for it was November. The fog shut us in like a wall, and the ground was like an oozy bog. All of a sudden a man and a woman came forth from the fog like spectres. The woman wore nothing but an old gray chemise, scarcely reaching to her knees, and about her worn old face hung the rags of what had once been a white linen wrap. She came forward on her bare feet through the deep mud, her arms clasping a bundle of linen for her son. She asked for him, and before I could get to her she fell on her knees with a heart-rending cry. A soldier with brutal haste had said to her, "Your son died in that tent yesterday."

The clean white shirts she had so lovingly brought for him slipped from her hands into the mud, and tearing her hair and smiting her breast, she cried again and again, "Radoul, my son! Radoul! Radoul! Radoul!" She would listen to no comfort, accept no food, no shelter, but rose at last and went away through the fog, turning back at every step to cry again the name of her lost son. Her figure assumed immense proportions in the heavy air, and her voice rang out strangely through the damp gloom; and when she was out of sight we could still hear the cry of "Radoul! Radoul!" The scene haunts me often now.

For four months I had been trying—alas! in vain—to save the life of a young man. About a quarter of an hour before his death some one spoke to me in rather a loud voice near his bed. I leaned over him, and said, "We are making too much noise, are we not?"

"What does that matter," he replied, "if only I can look at you?"

When the end came his mother began to sob and cry; but the people about asked her to be quiet, as they did not want me to know of his death till the next day. And she had the self-control and grandeur of soul to be silent.

On Christmas eve, after a long severe frost, a thaw rendered the streets of Bucharest impassable. I was to go and meet the King, who was returning as a victorious hero after five months' absence. I thought it would have been a delirium of joy to me. But I had suffered too much; I had lost the power of rejoicing; I did not know how to be glad. The last days before Plevna had all but destroyed all three armies at once. After a terrible snow-storm the cold had been twenty degrees below zero. The Danube was so encumbered with ice that not a loaf of bread could be sent over it. If Osman Pasha had held out three days longer every soul would have perished.

And now the road between Plevna and Nicopolis was covered with famished crowds. I know not how many left Plevna, but only ten thousand arrived at Nicopolis!

The King started the next day on the same road on his way home to his capital. He had to leave his sledge, for it jolted over corpses. Horror-struck, he mounted a horse, and pressed on along this pathway of death, the horse starting and rearing at every step.

There were groups of the dead sitting round the last fire they had lit in some deep rut, carts overturned, driver and buffaloes alike frozen in their places, standing up stiff as statues. There were the dying, their arms upraised to heaven in a final petition before they sank back with a last sigh and expired.

At the battle of Grivitza sixteen thousand men had fallen; one battalion of cavalry had lost one-half its numbers; and for three days the enemy's fire made it impossible to pause for a moment for food or to bury the dead in the trenches. But all these horrors sunk into insignificance before those of the journey from Plevna to Nicopolis.

By paths as slippery as glass the King climbed up to the fortress amidst the terrible clamor of the voices of ten thousand prisoners lying in the ditches, for whom not a scrap of food could be obtained. But as he gained the strong hold, the perils of the ice-path passed, the sun lit up Roumania with a rosy light, and the heart of the young monarch was warmed within him at seeing his adopted land once more.

The next day the King seemed to be exposed to such peril amongst the raging prisoners, who numbered many more than our troops, that the bold scheme was decided on of sending him away in a little iron-clad vessel, which cut its way through the ice, breaking it where it was thin, and literally springing over it where it was impenetrable, returning safely to port at last, and bringing bread to starving Nicopolis.

When at Turno-Magomelli the King found himself, for the first time for five months, in a warmed and furnished room, with a bed to sleep on: he thought he was in an enchanted palace.

Another snow-storm endangered his life between Magomelli and Craïova, where the train awaited to take him to his capital—draped with flags, decorated with garlands, to welcome back the hero and conqueror—and to his wife, whose hair had turned white with the anguish through which she had passed, and whose joy resembled grief, so weary was her heart.

Could one but go amongst them, the Tziganes would be a most interesting and curious study. They are still, and ever will be, pariahs, beggars and thieves, musicians and poets, cowards and complainers, wanderers and heathen, but, oh, so picturesque! Their camp, no matter where it is pitched in the wide plain, is always in charming disorder, and of a marvellous color, especially in the evening, when the huge red sun of Roumania sets upon the violet horizon beneath the mighty green dome of heaven. The women of the camp wear garments of every imaginable hue, from tender green to brick red and orange yellow. Their nut-brown children run about half naked, their little shirts just covering their shoulders and a bit of their necks. There sit the men, with tangled hair and soft velvety eyes, grouped about the fire, their naked feet against the copper kettles they are tinkering; or we see them gathered about the timber-yards or buildings where they are employed, running about the scaffoldings with the suppleness of Indians, in attitudes and positions that are always charming. Their language is as sonorous as beaten brass, and their songs are most beautiful; but it is only with reluctance that they will let any one hear them.

One of the most interesting sights of Bucharest is the great Fair, to which all flock to buy, amongst other things, everything that is needed to celebrate the Fête of the Dead. This week is one long delight to children. In spite of the broiling sun, in spite of the smothering dust, thousands of carriages succeed each other in the long street (Calea Mochilor) leading to the Fair, which is held in a place called Moçhi, in memory of a great battle fought on this spot between Mathieu Bassarabi and Radou, who tried to take Bucharest with an army of Moldavians and Tartars. "And the women and children," says the chronicler, "climbed upon the flowering hedges to see the war wage." Tramway cars and carriages overflow with people, every window is packed with gayly decked heads, some very pretty faces amongst them, and, once at the Fair, one wanders round in a labyrinth of little stalls, where terra-cotta pots, wooden pitchers, and glass necklaces are sold. One sees wagon-loads of handsome peasant women and pretty children driving off laden with purchases, and in the midst of the noise and confusion, the shouts, the brilliant colors, the bears and the giants, and the ever-thickening clouds of dust, you suddenly see the *calonchar* dance begin. This is an old Roumanian dance, derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or dance of Saturn, in which the herdsmen tried to hide that they had stolen away Jupiter to prevent Saturn from devouring him, as he had his other children. The dancers, dressed in white, with little bells on their legs, behave in the wildest way. They are in training long before, so as to be able to bear the fatigue of dancing in this way from Easter to Pentecost. They are led by a violinist, and one of them, his finger on his lips, maintains silence amongst the rest, threatening them with his staff if they speak. Saturn must not know from them where to find his son.

The Roumanians express everything by dancing; men dance together, and women together. The soldiers in the barracks always manage to get a violin, a flute, or a bagpipe, on which some one plays a dance of some kind for them. On a campaign, in war, after the most fatiguing marches, in showers of shot and shell, they still dance, defying the projectiles, until one of the dancers is struck down. Then good-humor never fails, even in the hospital. The wounded amuse themselves by composing comedies to make those still in bed laugh, and act them with an animation, spirit, and power of imitation which is perfectly marvellous.

Among the finest institutions of Bucharest are the hospitals. They have been so liberally endowed by former rulers that they have at the present time an income of three or four millions, and every one is received and cared for gratis as long as he remains in bed. They have been partly rebuilt, and the new military hospital is constructed in accordance with all the latest scientific principles.

A circle of military hospitals and barracks now surrounds the series of heights overlooking the royal country-seat, the old Cotroceni convent, and the cupola of the large orphanage sheltering four hundred orphans. Further off is a second *enceinte*, that of the fortifications, for from time immemorial Bucharest has always been a citadel—a strategic post of great importance.

The transformation of Bucharest into a fine modern town in the style of modern taste is now complete. It is now a town intersected with canals, well irrigated, adorned with grand buildings, such as the Athenæum, the new Ministries, the Bank, the State Printing-Press, the Town-Hall, the Houses of Parliament, etc. The foundation of the Bacteriological Institute raises us to the level of the other scientific centres of Europe. But the picturesque Oriental Bucharest, the Bucharest, as big as Vienna, but with only 220,000 inhabitants, made up of little houses nestling in verdure, the Bucharest in which one could point out the houses of Monsieur this and Madame that (giving the *noms de guerre* of the persons indicated), has disappeared, to give place to a town just like any other. It only appears Oriental to those who come from the West. Those who come from Asia give a sigh of satisfaction as they cross the Danube.

"Ah!" they say to themselves, "here we are in Europe."

Truly we are remarkable sovereigns, for we have managed to accomplish in twenty-five years what it has taken others several centuries to achieve.

We have created an army; on the arrival of the King there was but one battery of artillery, now we have 700 cannons. Our first cruiser is the nucleus of a fleet. The State Budget, which before the arrival of the King was 38 millions, is now 150 millions. Political life has become comparatively calm and serious, and long periods elapse without changes in the Ministry or the dissolution of the Chambers. Railways intersect the country in every direction, taking grain to the sea, cattle to Italy, wood to Panama. There are schools everywhere, and we seem likely to suffer from having hastened our development so much, the upsetting of the equilibrium being especially felt in family life.

We even make an attempt at socialism, so as to be quite abreast with modern civilization. But socialism takes root with difficulty in a country purely agricultural, where there are no industries, and where the farmers come quite naturally to consult their landlord, asking him whether it would be well for them to revolt—if they would really get more land by doing so, as the agitators tell them they would.

Roumania bids fair to become what King Charles dreamt she might—a living artery of Europe. When the crown of the country, of the very existence of which he was ignorant, was offered to a young Hohenzollern prince, he opened the atlas, took a pencil, and seeing that a line drawn from London to Bombay passed through the principality which called him to be its head, he accepted the crown with these words:

"This is a country of the future!"

Carmen Sylva

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

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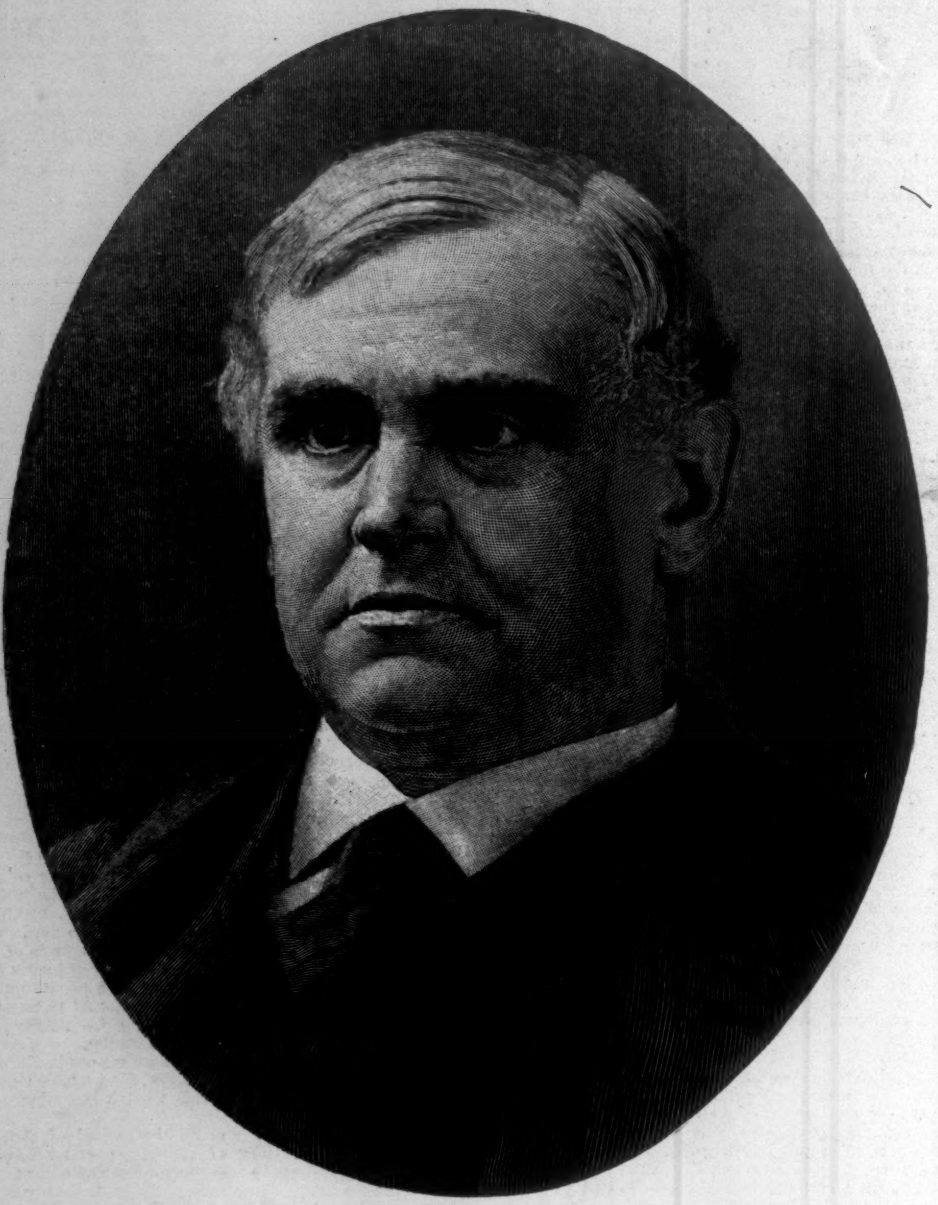
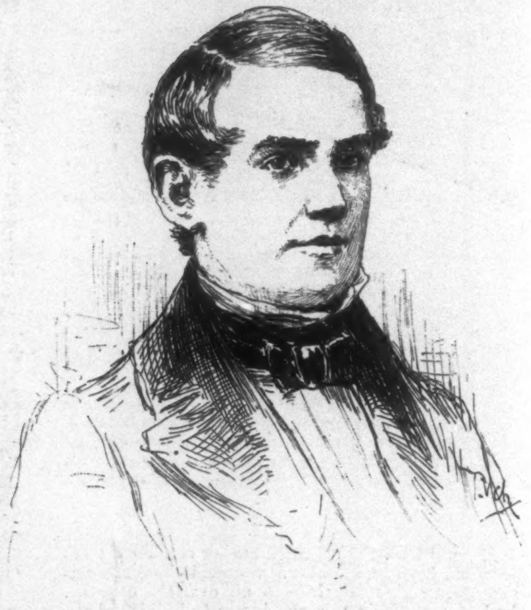
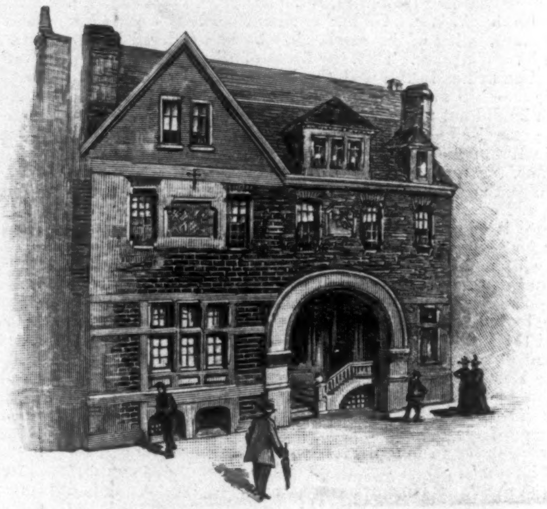


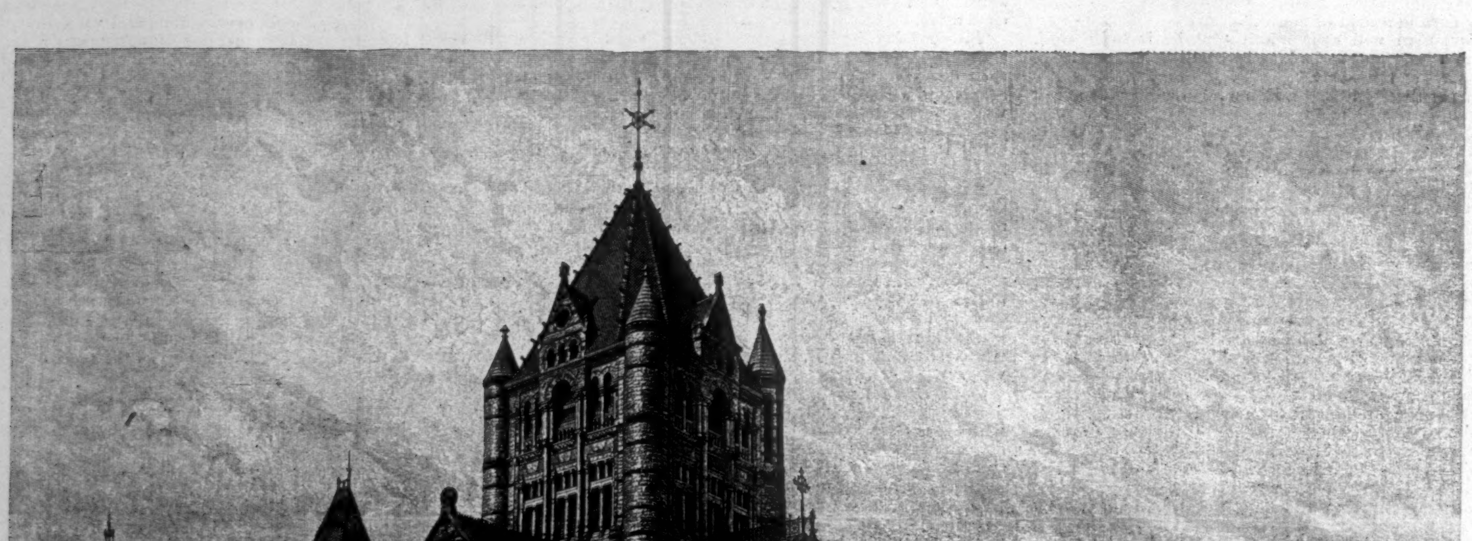
THE RIGHT REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, D.D., LATE BISHOP OF MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE PAGE 106.]



PHILLIPS BROOKS, ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OF AGE.



RESIDENCE OF PHILLIPS BROOKS, CORNER OF CLARENDON AND MARLBORO STREETS, BOSTON.



TRINITY CHURCH, BOSTON.

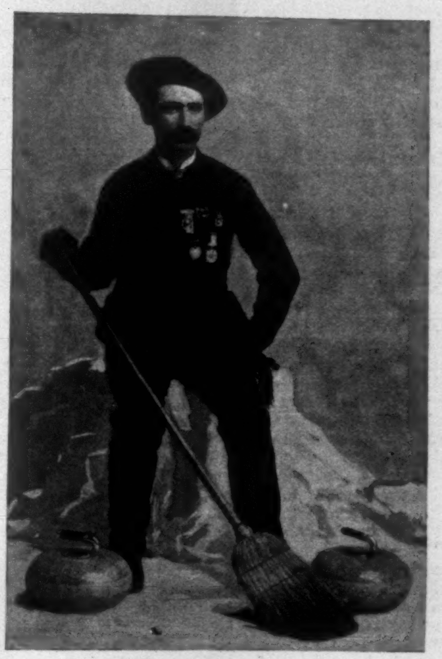
THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BONSPIEL.

THE international curling bonspiel has become one of the memorable events in the calendar of Northwestern sports. If there shall follow some day the canonization of some Saint of the Thistle, it will fittingly carry out the ecclesiastical scheme.

No game in the world is more truly a game for gentlemen. Interest in it in the United States has now passed far beyond the narrow limits of the Scottish-American. So strong is the subtle influence of the "stanes," that men in all lines of life—professional men, business men, laboring men—are "brithers a'" wherever the keen ice resounds with the ring of the spinning granites.

The international tournament, or bonspiel, which began in the rink of the St. Paul Club on the 17th of January has attracted more than the ordinary attention in Canadian and American curling circles. The contests are usually held in the rink of the St. Paul Club, because it is not only one of the finest in the United States, but because, also, of the club's central location.

From the hour the ice first begins to form thick and strong on river or pond or lake, along in the early fall, until the date of this annual international event, the curlers are at work in their respective rinks, sifting out men who are not up to the standard, letting in new blood, fortifying their teams at every vulnerable point. Curling depends not in any way upon the influences of city life; you may find a crack club on the river of some lonesome hamlet in the far Northern forests, just as you may find some skater clad in homely homespun on the fens of England who will lead your professional a hot, fast race, or just as some quiet, thoughtful man in some peaceful prairie town may vanquish the chief chess-player of some boastful city club.



L. R. MACKENZIE, WINNIPEG.

Mark Fortune. Thos. Kelly. Wm. Georgeson. Thos. Johnson.

THE "FORTUNE" RINK.

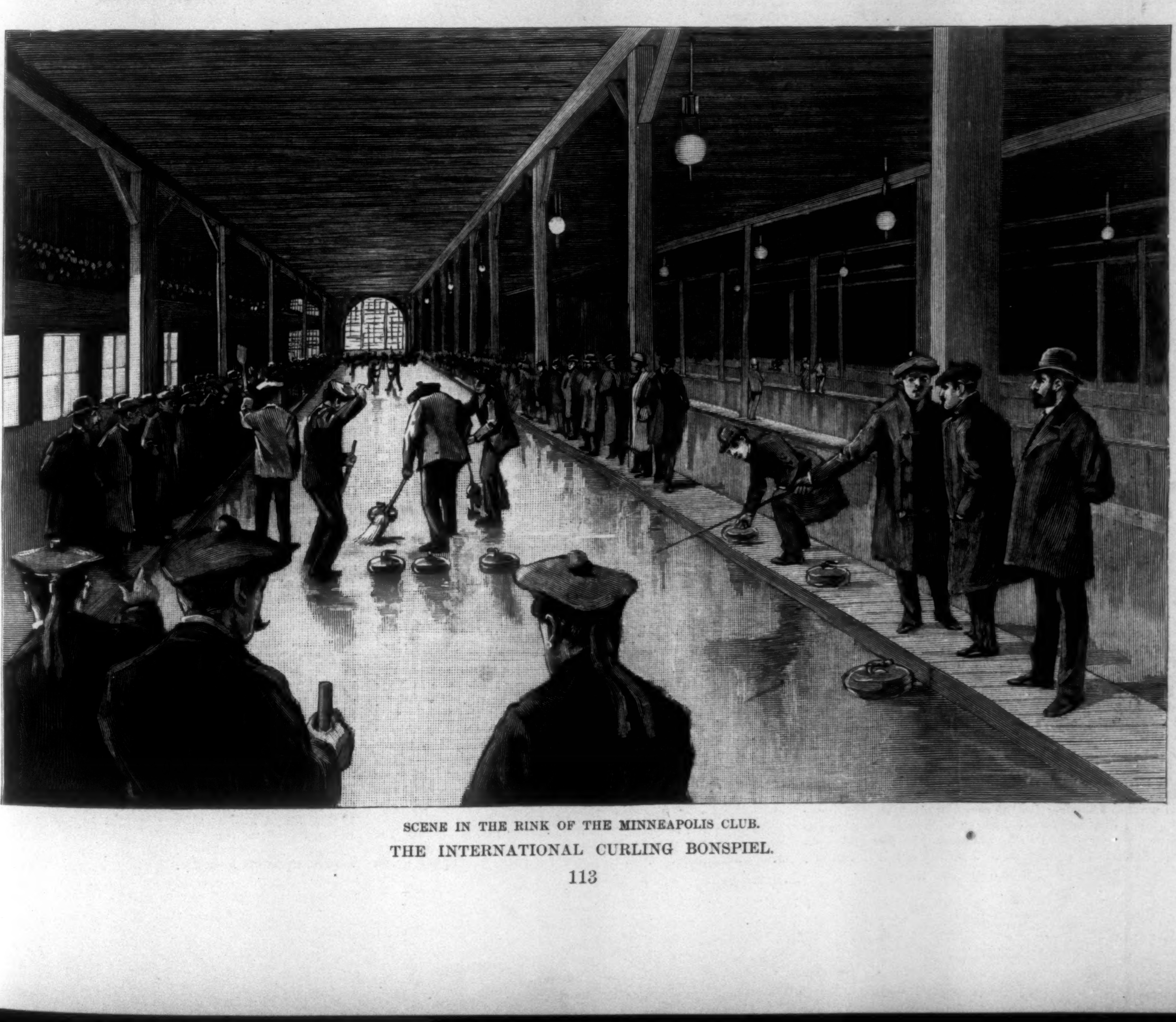
The St. Paul curlers had been generous in their allotment of prizes and medals to be contended for at this bonspiel; and while the intrinsic value of a trophy cuts but little figure with your true curler, yet there was an added interest to be found in the fact that the prizes were so costly. There were the chaste silver tankard offered by the St. Paul Club; the trophy of the Jobbers' Union of the same city, valued at $500; four gold medals, known as the Hinkel medals; the Governor's medal, presented by ex-Governor William R. Merriam; the Gordon Champion Rink medal, offered by the Hon. Robert Gordon, of New York, open to one rink only from each club affiliated with the Grand National Curling Association; with a large number of other prizes special in their nature for some particular class.

Three or four days before the contests the curlers began arriving in St. Paul, drawn from their winter homes in various portions of the United States and Canada to this frosty Mecca of their hopes. They form a well-to-do-looking lot of men—if this be not too much along the line of that faint praise which bears condemnation in its wake. They are men with, for the most part, a strong Scottish cast of features. Here and there you will see a man whose natal allegiance is to the Queen, but you will probably look in vain to find one who has other than a Saxon face. Year by year, though, the Americans come up to this tourney in greater numbers.

A gay kaleidoscope of coloring was the big rink when the tourney began. The striking costumes, with their bright and sometimes *bizarre* hues, the spirited antics of the curling enthusiasts, the shrill cries of the skips, the hearty applause of the many on-lookers, the intense but generous rivalry between the home rinks and those from over the border, all were interesting factors in the events of the bonspiel. So large was the number of rinks entered in the lists that it was found necessary to play several of them in the open, and fine clear places on the broad river's bosom afforded an admirable opportunity for out-o'-door play, the kind which, no matter how fitting may be the appointments of the enclosed rink, is always more satisfactory to your true curler. Interest may run high inside a covered rink, but it rises to flood tide on the rink whose only roof is the sapphire sky of a Northern winter day.

Judge Cory, President of the St. Paul Club.
Alexander McKenzie. W. W. Erwin. William Rodgers.

A LEADING ST. PAUL RINK.



SCENE IN THE RINK OF THE MINNEAPOLIS CLUB.

THE INTERNATIONAL CURLING BONSPIEL.

During the whole bonspiel play has begun at 9.30 in the morning, at 2.30 in the afternoon, and at 7.30 in the evening. There are many rules for the curler to follow, and it may be of interest to indicate the general ones which were adopted at the beginning of this contest.

Rinks entered for any competition must go through the match as entered, no substitute being allowed. All players must be in good standing in their respective clubs.

If any of the competing rinks is not ready to play at the hour fixed for any match, one end shall be counted as playing for every ten minutes' delay, and the opposing rink shall count one point for each such period of time.

In the event of any disagreement between skips during the match the decision of the umpire shall be final.

No rink shall be entitled to more than one bye in one competition.

It will not be necessary to state for those who are accustomed to the game of curling that there were no bets made in the progress of the many events of this interesting bonspiel, but for those who do not know the game it is of interest to know that there is no game in all the realm of sports more free from the bane of betting.

And now the contest is on. Far down the long ice-coated rink stand four men clad in the fantastic toggery of the curler, more or less pronounced as taste may demand. The mirrorlike stretch of ice lies between them and the foemen, who are every whit worthy their shrewdest skill; for curling, be it always remembered, is a game where skill counts for everything. The air of the rink is cold almost as the keen wintry atmosphere outside, and the players are garmented for zero weather. A muscular man, tall, strikingly handsome in his Scottish garb, looks down the course, where, at the extreme farther end, stands his captain—the "skip," as he is called—directing the play. Suddenly the tall man stoops, seizes the silvery-handled "stane" in his strong hand, stands motionless until there comes from away down the long rink the voice of the Scottish skip, full and strong and mellow, with the richest brogue in the world, "Noo, mon, crack an egg on't." Steady a moment, and then the globular piece of granite is sent spinning down the rink with just the right twist to it; the besoms are plied with all the vehemence of the most frenzied sweeper; the crowd holds its breath while the stone nears the tantalizing "tee." The right touch has been made, the strategic position of the enemy has been successfully attacked, the game is won, and the strong-lunged sons of Scotia make the high roof resound with all the royal vociferousness that belongs by right to the grand old roarin' game.

And so it goes for the better part of a week; there is excitement and good-natured raillery and keen wit, and now and then a nipping bit of satire as the various events of the tournament come up in their accredited order.

The home club has proven a splendid entertainer, and the visitors have been given that rich measure of hospitality which is ever the concomitant of curling. The international bonspiel which has just been concluded has strengthened anew the bonds which have so splendidly bound together the hundreds of curlers who are keeping alive and in vigorous health this fascinating and healthful sport.

The number of rinks entered in the various contests was forty-five, a total of nearly one hundred and fifty curlers being engaged in the contests. So great was the interest that the rinks for a portion of the time were in use continuously during the entire twenty-four hours. Night and day the contests have been waged in this one of the most spirited curling bouts ever known on either side of the Atlantic.

The election of officers for the international association, held midway in the bonspiel, resulted in the selection of the following, who will serve the association for the next year's sport: President, John S. Johnstone, of Milwaukee; Vice-President, J. B. Hill, of Chicago; Secretary, W. F. Myron, of St. Paul.

The bonspiel was to have closed on January 24th, after a five days' tourney, but there were so many events and the interest was so great that the contest was continued over into the next week. W. S. Harwood.

Music and Drama

The principal event in a dramatic week of more than usual interest was certainly the first appearance before an American audience of the Italian tragedienne, Miss Eleonora Duse, whose fame as an actress is of so comparatively recent an origin that her surpassing excellence as an artist of the very first rank came upon one almost like a thunder-clap. Let it be said at once that Miss Duse's artistic gifts place her at once and without question in the very front rank of dramatic artists. If it be true, as has been said, that the greatest art is that which conceals art, and thereby approaches more nearly to absolute truth and naturalness, Miss Duse is unquestionably one of the greatest, perhaps in some respects the greatest, actress who has ever appeared on the American stage. M. Coquelin's contention that the really great actor never for an instant loses the consciousness of his own effort and personality, and is never carried away by the emotion or passion which he is endeavoring to portray which forms the basis of his theory of dramatic art, receives an absolute and complete endorsement in Miss Duse's work. Her methods are positively startling in their simplicity, while her effects are all the more impressive because they are produced without apparent effort, and almost in defiance of the ordinary theatrical conventions. Her acting is marked by complete repose, and by an entire absence of anything like artificiality or affectation. Through her we are brought face to face with an art so subtle, so refined, so perfectly finished in every detail and inflection of voice, expression of feature, and by-play, that we entirely lose sight of the actress in the character portrayed, though at the same time conscious of that surpassing art which can with such evident truth hold the mirror up to nature. With Miss Duse feeling is expressed by a gesture; the height of emotion is indicated by an attitude or an expression. Her extraordinary mobility of feature leaves one entirely in doubt as to how the real woman appears; for the moment she is the character she portrays; everything she does, as well as everything she says, forms an integral part of a consistent, logical, and well-developed dramatic conception. Nothing is left to chance, or to the passing feeling induced by a moment of enthusiasm; every movement, every look, every tone, has been carefully calculated, carefully thought out and considered beforehand; and yet the result of all this is a reproduction of nature so faithful and so sincere as to banish completely every idea of effort on the part of the actress, and place before us a character whose reality cannot be doubted.

It is rather late in the day to deprecate the *morale* of a play like *Camille*, or to call in question the evident inconsistencies in the character of its principal personage. It is a *chef-d'œuvre* in that it never fails in producing upon an audience the effect intended by its author; it has been chosen as a vehicle for the display of certain phases of dramatic emotion by every great artist since its first production, and was probably selected by Miss Duse, a stranger speaking a strange tongue, as a play in which to make her first appearance on account of its familiarity to American audiences. Miss Duse's future appearances in other rôles cannot, one would think, fail to justify the estimation of her powers and possibilities formed by seeing her in this one part. If her versatility be equal to her finish, which one can hardly doubt, Miss Duse as an actress can suffer nothing by comparison with either Bernhardt or Modjeska. As has been truly said, comparisons are not criticism; but as compared with the Camilles of either of the above-mentioned artists, which are familiar to American audiences, Miss Duse's conception of the rôle is more admirable, because less theatrical, and is also more plausible and consistent. Her conception of the part is unconventional in many respects, and one could not fail to admire the artistic reticence and repose which made the latter scene (which is taken by most actresses as an opportunity for making an effect, which, while impressive, is undoubtedly theatrical) so absolutely true to nature, the subtle art of her repressed emotion and assumed gayety in her parting from Armand, the intense suffering and abject despair of the card-room scene, suggested in the most subtle manner rather than indicated, and the wonderful quiet and absence of anything like artificiality or striving for effect which made the death scene almost too painful in its vivid realism. It is almost impossible to speak of Miss Duse's personal appearance, as in seeing her Camille one felt that one saw the actress and not the woman, as her extraordinary mobility of feature enables her to express every varying shade of feeling or emotion with the utmost nicety, and her expression at all times was, therefore, quite as much a part of her characterization as were her words or gestures. As far as one could judge, however, she is a woman of about thirty years of age, rather above the medium height, lithe and supple in figure, and exceedingly graceful. While her features would not bear minute examination, her face has a distinct charm, and is lit up by a pair of wonderfully lustrous eyes. Her personality is intense and magnetic, and has undoubtedly much to do with the extraordinary hold which she has over an audience. It is, of course, possible that her future appearances may cause one to change one's opinion of Miss Duse's merits and capabilities, but certainly, judging from her Camille, she is an absolutely great artist. If to be a genius necessitates the possibility of losing one's self in one's art, Miss Duse may possibly not be a genius; but if one allows the truth and correctness of her methods and theories, one must admit that she has reached the highest possible plane of dramatic achievement, in that her art is so complete that it is entirely lost sight of in the absolute truth to nature of the results which it produces.

Many a lesson, too, in acting, by-play, and stage business might be learned from the supporting company, which is certainly excellent. Signor Ando, who is Miss Duse's principal support, is an excellent actor, whose methods resemble hers, and who is even a better stage-manager than an actor, although his Armand was worthy of the most decided commendation, as being consistent, forcible, and effective. The New York public may, in fact, congratulate themselves upon the opportunity of seeing an exhibition of dramatic art so unusual, so admirable, and so instructive.

The inauguration of a season of opera in English at the Manhattan Opera-house, with the first production in America of Moszkowski's opera *Boabdil*, was interesting and important in several respects. *Boabdil* is not by any means an epoch-making opera. It bears evidence of having been written at different times and under varying conditions. In neither manner nor matter does it suggest anything new or illustrate anything novel or original in either design or treatment. For all this, Moszkowski's music is good music, agreeable music, and music too that will undoubtedly gain enormously by repetition, and by the removal of defects which are incident to first performances in general, and which were certainly noticeable at the first New York performance in particular. The first production in America of an opera which, while not probably destined to be long-lived or notably popular, is certainly an important operatic novelty, was in itself an event of sufficient importance to be of decided interest; but the principal interest and importance of this opening of a season of opera in English does not lie in the production of any particular work, but in the season itself.

There can be no question that the extravagant prices demanded by operatic artists for their services have practically killed opera, both in this country and in England, for the prices of admission which the demands of his artists compel any manager to charge have prevented opera from being popular, and anything at this time must be popular to be permanent. Mr. Hammerstein, with most commendable enterprise, has started in to prove that operatic performances of fair average excellence can be given at prices within the reach of all, and the success or failure of his attempt to do this includes, one would think, the whole question as to whether the American public wants opera at all at any prices. The whole scheme, therefore, from a musical stand-point, assumes a decided importance. If public support be accorded to the venture, and it becomes possible for Mr. Hammerstein to continue his season not only this year, but in following years, we shall have in New York a permanent home for opera in English. Doubtless, with experience and with confidence that the public will support him in his attempt, Mr. Hammerstein will be able to improve his present operatic conditions. Doubtless many defects might be pointed out in the performances given during the past week. For all this, however, and in spite of many and obvious defects and shortcomings, a start has been made in the right direction, and should the public appreciation of the fact that such a start has been made encourage Mr. Hammerstein to continue in his venture, the ultimate result will be, as has been said, of noticeable value and importance. With a home for high-class opera, given under reasonably favorable conditions, firmly established in New York, there will be an opportunity for the production of original works, and for the appearance of native artists, which American artists and American musicians have never enjoyed before. There are at the present time scores of American singers in Germany and Italy who remain there simply for the lack of an opportunity of appearing and making a reputation in their own country. There are also, doubtless, many musicians, both in this country and in England, who could and would write operas of definite musical value could they see before them even the possibility of a production. In view of these facts, the importance of Mr. Hammerstein's venture, and the possible bearing which its successful continuance might well have on the future of musical art in this country, may readily be seen. We should therefore, at first, at any rate, make liberal allowances for even many shortcomings, rather than by too severe criticism, and by expecting and exacting a too high standard of excellence, kill the germ of an idea which, if properly followed out, may become of great ultimate value.

But the taste, education, and previous experience of the New York theatre-going public requires a certain standard of excellence; if any enterprise be not up to this standard it cannot, and indeed should not, succeed; for metropolitan prestige in amusements, as in everything else, must be maintained. With the best will in the world, it can hardly be said that the performances at the Manhattan Opera-house were altogether what they should be to satisfy even conservative demands for operatic performances of average excellence. One would therefore recommend to Mr. Hammerstein a little more boldness and a little more daring than even he has hitherto shown. A good deal has certainly been done in starting this season at all, and a little further enterprise in the way of strengthening his *personnel* of artists, and in remedying certain obvious defects and shortcomings, would place the enterprise on a footing where it might and ought to succeed.

The opening of a new and beautiful theatre—the Empire—with a new American drama treating of army life on the frontier, which scored a popular success; the first presentation in this country of Erckmann-Chatrian's famous play *L'Ami Fritz*, by the Manola-Mason company; and the successful appearance of Madame Minna Gale-Haynes in *The Lady of Lyons* and *As You Like It*—were dramatic events which must be chronicled, and to which occasion will be taken to refer later on. Reginald de Koven.

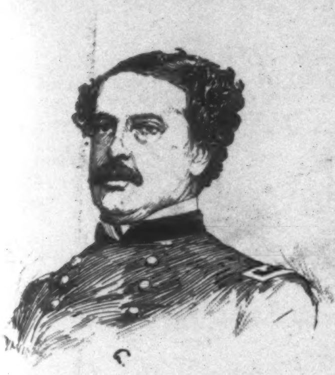
LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.

Again is a seat made vacant on the bench of the United States Supreme Court—this time through the death of Associate Justice Lamar. Although it was generally known that Justice Lamar had been failing in health of late, the news of his death was a great surprise to the country at large. Many of his intimates, however, had viewed with alarm the gradual physical decline of the old judge and soldier, and were more or less prepared for the sudden end. Judge Lamar was visiting at the residence of Mr. W. H. Virgin, near Macon, Georgia, and seemed to be regaining something of his lost health. On the evening of January 23d he was suddenly stricken, and the end followed in thirty minutes.

Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar was the type of an old Southern gentleman in all the true meaning of the word. He was a native of Georgia, having been born in Putnam County of that State on the 17th of September, 1825. He had not quite attained his majority when he graduated from Emory College, and after studying law, was admitted to the bar in 1847. A year later he moved to Oxford, Mississippi, where he became Professor of Mathematics at the State University of Mississippi. He was also engaged in editorial work on the *Southern Review*. Returning after a short time to the State of his birth, he again took up law, and in 1853 entered the Georgia Legislature. After serving for two years, he went back to Mississippi, and was elected to serve that State in Congress. He was an ardent and impulsive man, with great powers of oratory, and he fought bitterly for slavery and States' rights in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses. The war was plainly foreshadowed, and those were fierce days in the capital city. In 1860 Mr. Lamar resigned from Congress to take part in the secession convention of his adopted State, and a year later he was in the midst of the war as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth Mississippi Regiment, becoming its commander shortly after.

Jefferson Davis chose Colonel Lamar to represent the Southern Confederacy in Europe, appointing him as commissioner to Russia, and he undertook a most delicate diplomatic mission. He accomplished a great deal while abroad, and influenced many of the foreign governments, who evinced great kindness to the Southern States. He assisted in negotiating the Southern loan, but failed to secure the recognition of the Confederacy as an independent power.

In 1864 Colonel Lamar returned to this country, and after the war again took up law and politics, becoming Professor of Political Economy, and later Professor of Law in the University of Mississippi. Mr. Lamar was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and there became very prominent before the people. He entered the Senate in 1877 as Senator from Mississippi, and there proved his understanding of the financial question by combating all attempts to inflate or debase the currency. This was in spite of the wishes of the people of Mississippi, who through their State Legislature called upon him to change his course or resign. Mr. Lamar quietly declined to do either, and in 1882 his bravery and independence were rewarded by his re-election to the Senate. Upon the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland in 1885, Mr. Lamar was chosen as one of the President's advisers, and was made Secretary of the Interior. In 1887 Mr. Cleveland nominated him to fill a vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme Court, which place he occupied until his death. Judge Lamar was a man of sincerity and courage, respected by his opponents, admired and loved by his associates. His death caused sincere sorrow among all who knew him, regardless of party. Both Houses of Congress adjourned on January 25th out of respect to the memory of the man who had filled so prominent a place in each branch, and the Supreme Court closed until the Monday following. Secretary of the Interior Noble ordered the department buildings draped for twenty days, and paid a high tribute to the former holder of the office. Soon after the war Mr. Lamar rose in Congress eulogizing Charles Sumner, declaring at the same time the death of all sectional feeling. From that moment he has always sought to prove the truth of his assertion, and his straightforwardness and strength of character have earned for him the praise that is to-day bestowed upon his memory.



GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

When Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States in November, 1860, Captain Abner Doubleday, of the Third Artillery, was stationed in Charleston Harbor at Fort Moultrie. The eyes of the whole country were upon that little band of soldiers, and much wonder and anxiety was felt as to how they would act in the trying emergency in which they were placed. It was indeed a trying time for these men, for President Buchanan seemed disinclined to do anything in the closing months of his administration either to heal the angry dissensions in the country or to hamper the hands of the incoming administration. Even those of us who have not reached middle age can recall those exciting and anxious times as though it was but yesterday that we were waiting for tidings of Major Anderson and his men. The time seeming so close, it is hard to realize that all of the officers holding command at Forts Sumter and Moultrie have passed away, the last of them, General Abner Doubleday, dying the other day at Mendham, New Jersey, of old age. Captain Doubleday was second in command to Major Anderson, and he always maintained that the protest against the people threatening the government property and menacing the flag should have been more pronounced and vigorous.

At any rate, when on the 14th of April, 1861, it was decided to at least make a show of resistance, Captain Doubleday aimed and fired the first gun in answer to the shots from those who under the palmetto flag started the great war of the rebellion. Major Anderson was a Kentuckian, and it was thought by some that his sympathies were with the South in the conflict. Captain Doubleday was, however, a Republican and an abolitionist even before the war, and he could not reconcile the ownership of slaves by Mrs. Anderson with the entire loyalty of her husband. This view he took in the book he wrote, *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in 1860-1.* He did not hesitate to question Major Anderson's conduct, and he also suggested motives.

When the troops at Sumter came North they were made much of, and were the popular heroes of the hour. Doubleday shared with Anderson the honors of popularity, and among those who were more intent on suppressing slavery than saving the Union he was the first hero. He had been graduated from West Point in the class of 1842, had served in the Mexican and Seminole wars, and in 1855 had received the two bars of a captain in the Third Artillery, the regiment to which he was assigned with his first commission. Just a month after he had fired the first Union gun of the war Doubleday was commissioned Major of the Fourteenth Regular Infantry.

During that memorable summer campaign in Virginia which was so disastrous to the Union arms, Doubleday was in the ill-starred command of General Pattison in the Shenandoah Valley, and later commanded the forts and batteries on the Potomac in defence of Washington. In February, 1862, Doubleday was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and assigned to command the defences of Washington. At this time General Doubleday saw a great deal of Mr. Lincoln, and became intimate with him. Then and subsequently he was frequently consulted by the President. From May to September, 1862, he commanded a brigade on the Rappahannock and in the northern Virginia campaign. At the second battle of Bull Run he succeeded to the command of Hatch's division, at the head of which he was at Antietam, where he held the extreme right of the Union line, and opened the battle. He lost very heavily, but captured six battle-flags. In November, 1862, he was made a Major-General of Volunteers, and as such took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg.

Gettysburg was Doubleday's last fight. Early in the morning of the 1st of July, 1863—the first day's fight—General John F. Reynolds, who commanded the First Army Corps, was killed, and General Doubleday, being the senior division commander, took command of the corps, and also of the field of battle. He was in command all that day of the field, till the arrival of Howard, who ranked him. The fighting was serious all of the first day, and the losses of the First Corps were heavy. These losses were not caused, it is generally conceded, by any lack of skill on Doubleday's part, but merely because he had to withstand the brunt of the battle. Before the second day's fight began General Meade, who commanded the army, sent General John Newton, who had a division in another corps, to take command of the First Corps, and thus General Doubleday was sent back to the head of his division. This change of corps commanders after one day's hard fighting, and just as the battle was about to be renewed, was resented very bitterly by General Doubleday and his friends. During the rest of the battle General Doubleday's division was continually in the thickest of the fight, and aided conspicuously in the defeat of Pickett's famous charge during the third day. After the Gettysburg campaign, where General Meade, after gaining a signal victory, suffered the enemy to escape him, General Doubleday asked to be relieved from his command, as he did not feel that he could serve longer under a commander who had placed upon him so signal and uncalled-for an affront. During the remainder of the war General Doubleday served on commissions and courts martial, and for a little while, when Early's raiders threatened Washington, he had command of the eastern defences of the city.

After the war he was brevetted Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General in the regular army for services rendered during the war. In 1867 he was made Colonel of the Thirty-fifth Regular Infantry, and in 1873 was retired, after forty-one years' service in the army. While on duty in San Francisco in 1870, General Doubleday suggested and obtained a charter for the first cable street railroad in the United States. Since his retirement he has lived quietly at Mendham, writing more or less for the magazines on military subjects, and studying the occult sciences.

He was one of Madame Blavatsky's first converts, and was a firm believer in the theosophical theories. He was at one time president of the American Theosophical Society, and during all the latter part of his life took the deepest interest in the affairs of the society and the teachings of the leaders. No one could talk with him on this subject without realizing that he was perfectly honest in his faith. Whatever a sceptic might think of the founders of the society, he could not help believing that this old soldier was a genuine Buddhist, and found much consolation in the religion which he had embraced towards the end of his life.

General Doubleday was born at Ballston Spa, in New York, in 1819. His father was the editor of the Cayuga *Patriot*, and twice a member of Congress from the Auburn district. Two others of his sons became field officers during the war of the rebellion. General Abner Doubleday left no children.

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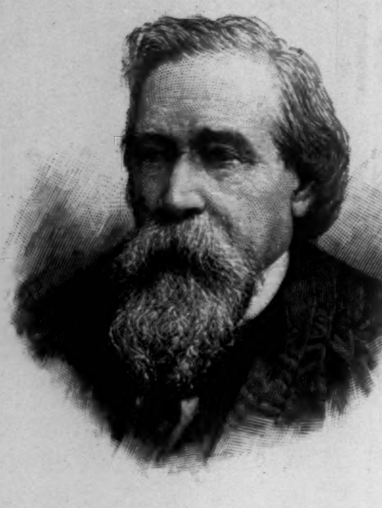


LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR.
[SEE PAGE 114.]

THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

THE fate of the Vaudeville Club depended not upon its members, but upon their wives and sisters; and the wives and sisters, as good women should, stood by their mankind, and have turned a dubious experiment into what looks like an actual success.

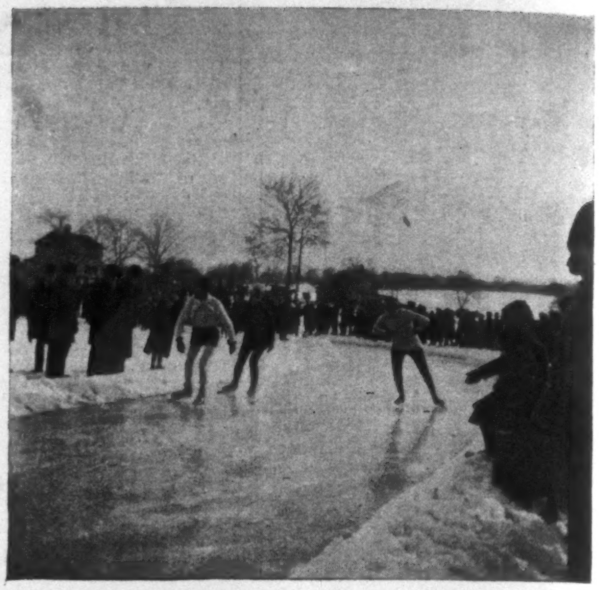
The question which has been most frequently asked of late is, "Has the Vaudeville Club come to stay?" which is about as pertinent as a similar remark made in reference to the slush in Fifth Avenue, and might be answered in pretty much the same way. They came and they will in all likelihood leave about the same time, and they will both probably come back to us next winter. The difference lies only in the effect they produced upon the public. The key to the social success of the Vaudeville Club is to be found in the list of the names of the women who were present at its birth.

These women—and no more representative collection of the better class of society has ever been gathered together in this city—knew that the men were going to wear their hats, smoke cigars, and quench their thirst with brandy and soda. Those who objected to intruding upon these male prerogatives staid away, and, for the most part, have continued to do so ever since. It is safe to say, however, that the club has gained rather than lost in the number of its adherents. It matters little whether the front rows are nightly ignored, or that the débutantes prefer to sit in boxes rather than about the tables on the floor. These are but the details of etiquette, which are the product of any social novelty, and but give to the club its individuality and a becoming air of historical precedence.

The artistic success of the club has been an accumulative one. The women and many of the men, until the first performance, were comparatively untutored in the value of the vaudeville performer. The humor of a gentleman fastening his ulster with two padlocks, nailing a broken suspender to his trousers with the aid of a spike and hammer, or telling a friend that he saw him next Monday between one o'clock, was not at first in touch with their ideas of humor. The unctuous wit of Mr. Kelley's string of Irish yarns struck many of the original audience as silly, and few at first saw little in Miss Vesta Victoria but a pretty face. But that was several weeks ago, and now this same audience laughs at Mr. Kelley before he tells his first story, and tall young men with long frock coats and high hats may be seen wandering along the avenue humming a complaint against the daddy who will not buy the pet of the Vaudeville Club a bow-wow. The taste for a good vaudeville performance is an acquired one, and can be cultivated only after an exhaustive experience of that which is good, bad, and indifferent. The Vaudeville audience (it varies very slightly every night) is rapidly gaining a nice discretion for its entertainers, and a good "turn" meets with its just deserts, but for that which is vulgar or otherwise unworthy it has a disregard which borders closely upon cruelty.

The committee in charge of the performance has certainly done the best it could with the material at hand, which, unfortunately, has not been the best the land affords. The programme has so far needed one number which could not fail to create a genuine enthusiasm. After all, the worth of a performer is not to be judged so much by the number of people who come in before he begins as the number who go out when he is done. The time of departure for the Vaudeville Club has so far been too indefinite. It is probable that one object of the enterprise was to afford the women friends of the members an opportunity to see an artist whose performance was town talk, but whose theatric surroundings were not of a sufficiently elevated character. Such an artist has, however, not graced this city since the Vaudeville Club opened its doors. A second Carmencita or an Yvette Guilbert would, in all probability, double the club's receipts.

The proof that the club fills a want is to be found in the number of its nightly attendants. The pleasure of the city member is to go while the night is yet young where he can meet his friends, have a drink or a little supper, smoke his cigar, and be incidentally amused by an entertainment which requires no effort greater than an occasional laugh. The pleasure of the out-of-town member will not vary from this unless he be accompanied by a town member. Then he will have pointed out to him all the great people of the smart, artistic, and club world, of whom he has no doubt read and heard. And he will see them not as they pose in a ballroom or on the platform, but as he might see them at their own clubs or at their homes in front of their own andirons. He will find them with the restraint of the celebrity thrown aside, and, like himself, bent on the sole purpose of finding that sort of amusement which makes sleep easier and the next day's work less like work after all.



WHERE DONOGHUE PASSED BOTH COMPETITORS AT SEVEN MILES.

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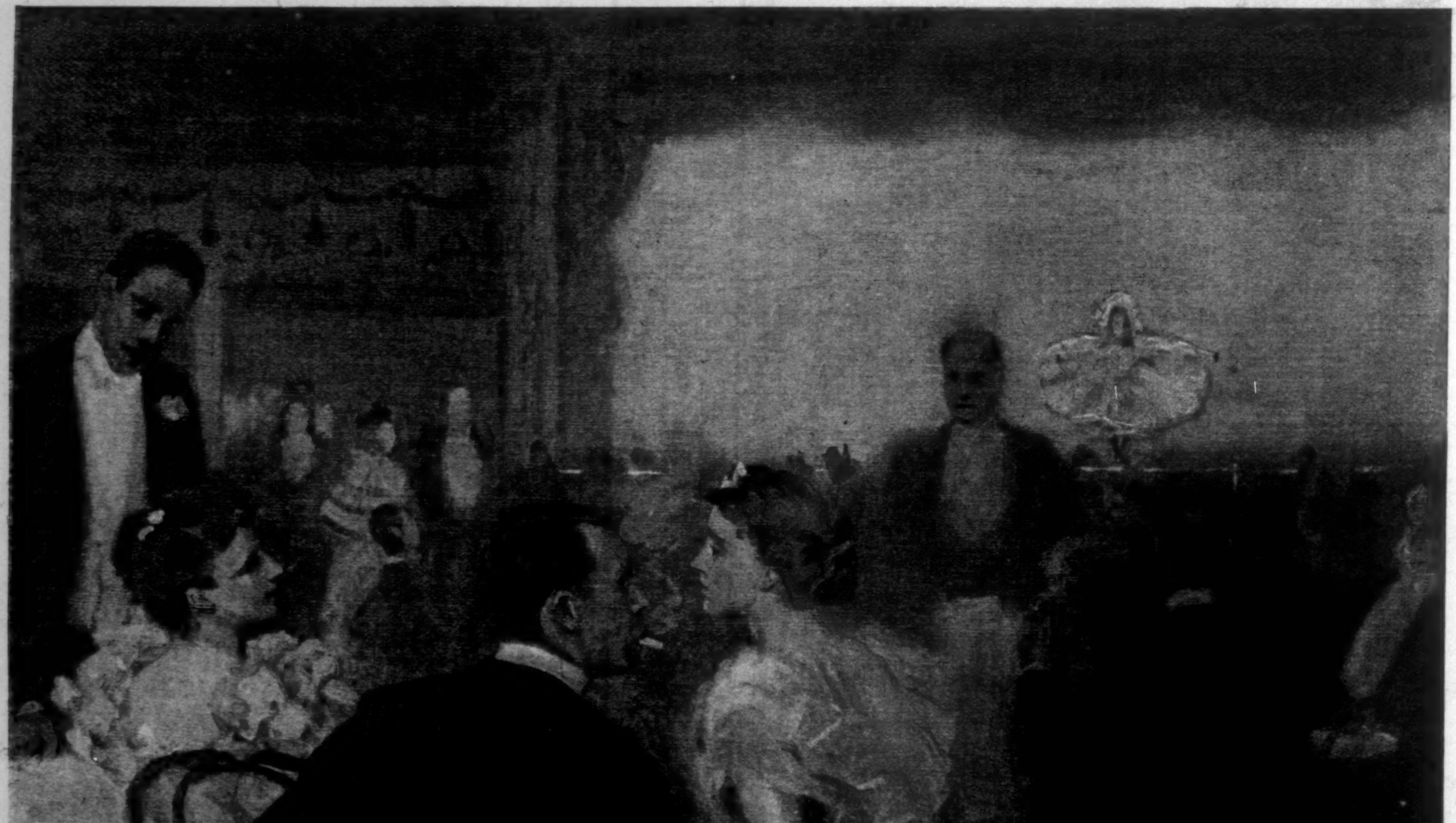
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOORE SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 119.]



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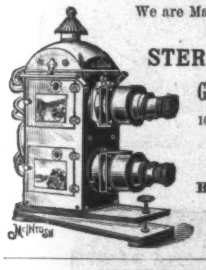

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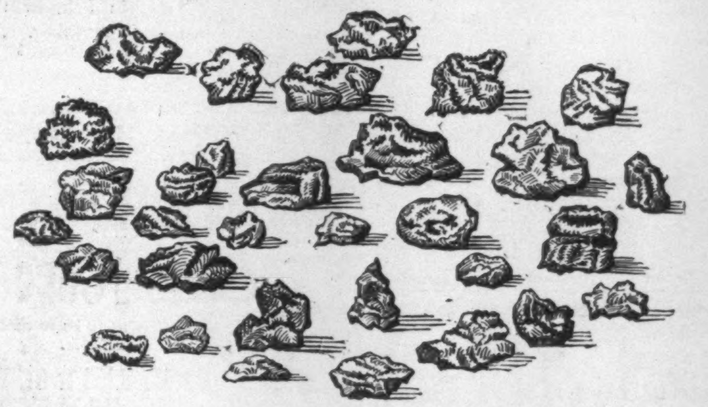

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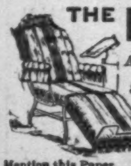

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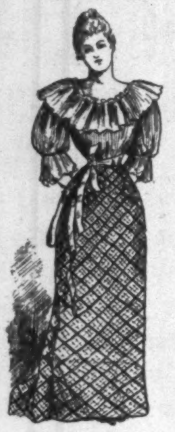

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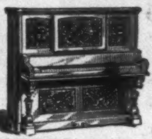

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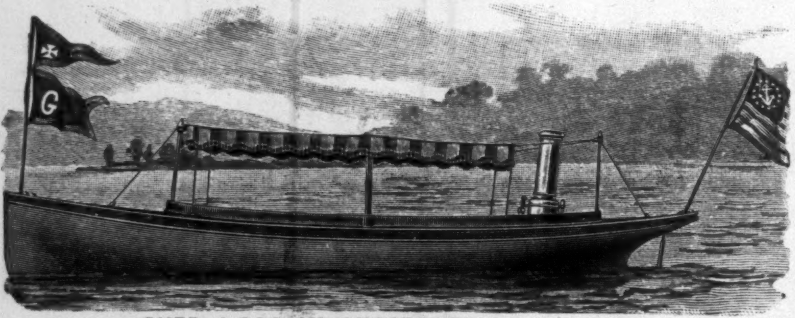

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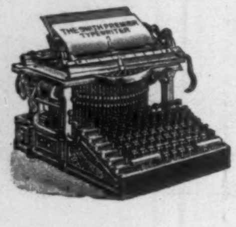

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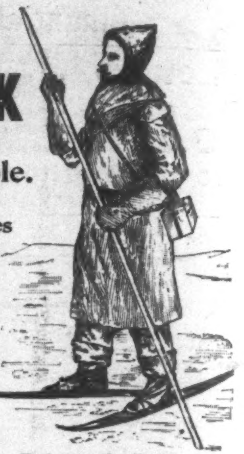

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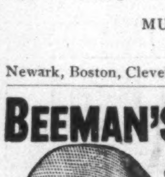

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AMATEVR SPORT

This department has maintained so persistently that the new deed of gift under which the New York Yacht Club has pretended to hold the *America's* Cup was unsportsmanlike and unfair, that we publish with much pleasure a letter to the editor of the London *Field* by a yachtsman and a sportsman to whose efforts we are largely indebted for the coming race:

> Sir,—Having represented Lord Dunraven in New York in the matter of the negotiations for the race for the *America* Cup this coming autumn, I have read with much interest your report of the meeting of the N. Y. Y. C., December 13th, and your comments thereon.
>
> At the annual dinner of the club last winter, the chairman of the regatta committee referred to the demoralized condition of racing in the big classes on both sides of the Atlantic, and expressed a hope that something might be done to meet the objections raised against the deed of gift of 1887, so that international racing might be resumed.
>
> Lord Dunraven, it is well known, was equally anxious that, for the sake of sport, racing for the blue ribbon of the sea should be resuscitated, and expressed his willingness to challenge if the objectionable features of the deed of 1887 were overcome.
>
> It is pretty generally recognized on both sides of the Atlantic that a mistake was made when framing this deed, in producing a document calculated rather to addle the brains of sea-lawyers than to promote friendly rivalry and sport, and I think there is no doubt that the dimension clause, and the no time allowance clause (the latter in the event of failure of mutual agreement), are almost as strongly objected to in America as over here.
>
> At the same time it must be borne in mind that not many years ago we were unwise enough to bar centre-boards, and that, unfortunately, a very serious error was made in the statement as to *Thistle's* l.w.l. when the challenge of 1886 was issued, causes which led Americans to feel that they must protect themselves, first as to the challenge; secondly as to protection for the centre-board should they become challengers.
>
> Both sides, therefore, desiring a race and the renewal of sport, negotiations were commenced with the view of bringing about the event under such conditions as might be mutually satisfactory.
>
> It was perfectly well understood *ab initio* by the various members of the club who were approached in the premises, and also by the cup committee, that, whether rightly or wrongly, the deed of 1887 was objected to here, and that no English club would challenge unless its conditions were modified or amended, and on this premise the negotiations were conducted.
>
> Lord Dunraven, no doubt recognizing the value of many clauses to the deed of 1887, and without wishing to recapitulate them in his preliminary letter of September 16th, took the deed as a basis to work upon, eliminated the dimension clause, made proposals to cover exactness of design in referring to the l. w. l., as to time allowance, and so forth. The N.Y.Y.C., in a sporting spirit, practically accepted all his conditions, and in due course the formal challenge of the Royal Yacht Squadron followed. Neither the formal challenge nor the acceptance thereof alludes to the deed of 1887, and it is expressly stipulated that, should *Valkyrie* win the cup, the Squadron holds it subject to a challenge on precisely similar terms to those contained in its challenge. When General Paine's original resolution, read before the club, was merely passed on to Lord Dunraven without embodying this condition, the latter at once cabled me, "This is *Valkyrie* over again, equally impossible, etc.;" and upon this being passed on to General Paine, steps were at once taken to give effect by cable to Lord Dunraven's requirement. I cannot conceive anything more fair than this. It is true that the Squadron cannot refuse a challenge according to the conditions laid down in the deed of 1887; but is it conceivable that any one but an absolute lunatic would challenge under the deed of 1887, giving all his dimensions, etc., when no necessity exists for doing so?
>
> It is, of course, understood that if *Valkyrie* wins the cup, the document to be signed by the Squadron in accepting it will embody Clause 3 of the Squadron's challenge; and is it not true, sir, as you remark, that the N. Y. Y. C. has set a precedent of accepting a challenge upon terms less onerous than those set forth in its deed; and is it not probable also that the terms objected to in the deed will become a dead letter?
>
> Our racing rules and conditions have not been perfect in the past, and in the interest of sport there must be some give and take. The N. Y. Y. C. have, I think, in this instance shown their desire for sport and fair play, and, as a direct outcome of Lord Dunraven's persistency, we shall undoubtedly see this summer, on both sides of the western ocean, the finest big cutter racing that has ever been witnessed.
>
> Many Americans think that the deed of 1887, with its mutual agreement clause, which (after a receipt of a challenge) can be construed in almost any conceivable way, is less objectionable than the deed or conditions of the Royal Victoria Gold Cup, which *inter alia* compel a challenger to give his sail area (*i.e.*, l.w.l. and rating according to the Y. R. A.); to sail inside courses in strong tidal waters, and which, for instance, obliges Mr. Royal Carroll, if he wins this year, to defend the cup in American waters according to the rules and regulations of the Y. R. A. for the time being.
>
> Let it be understood here that there are no better sportsmen, no more hospitable hosts, afloat or ashore, than our American cousins, and we shall soon be able to dispense with legal documents and volumes of cable correspondence, and enjoy international racing every summer.
>
> **Maitland Kersey.**
>
> No. 33 St. James Place, S. W., *January 6th.*

In view of Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's intended invasion of British waters this season with his 84-footer, it is important that American yachtsmen read Dixon Kemp's comments on Mr. Kersey's letter in the same issue of the *Field:*

> It cannot be denied that the successful attempt Lord Dunraven has made to challenge for the *America* Cup has given the desired fillip to yacht-building in this country, whatever the effect may be in the United States. From a letter which we publish on the *America* Cup it will be seen that Mr. Maitland Kersey adopts the view we did a fortnight ago, that the New York Yacht Club has now made a precedent which cannot hereafter be departed from; and as that club has practically conceded what British yachtsmen asked for, we trust that the *Valkyrie* matches will be the precursor of many international contests, both over American and English courses as well. Speaking of courses reminds us that Mr. Maitland Kersey refers to the courses which have to be sailed over for the Royal Victoria Yacht Club Challenge Cup as "inside courses." This is, we believe, a mistake; as we understand the conditions, the matches will have to be sailed outside the Nab Light-ship. It is true there was some talk of making one of the courses "round the Isle of Wight"; but we trust that idea will not be revived, as a worse course could not very well be picked out for a test match. Also, Mr. Maitland Kersey says that the Victoria deed not only requires from the challenger the length of water-line of his yacht, but the rating also, which of course would reveal the sail area. This, however, is not a correct representation of the case, as the length of water-line can vary from that stated in the challenge as much as five per cent., and the rating as much as ten per cent. Thus, supposing the challenge stated the length to be 85 feet, and the rating 142 (which would allow a sail area of 10,000 square feet), this length could be increased to 89 feet, and the rating to 156, which would allow another 500 square feet of canvas, or the length could be increased only 1 foot, which would allow 900 square feet more sail area; or the length could be diminished, so also the rating to 128; in fact, the proportions of length to sail area can be varied infinitely by the challenger, and, practically, he is required to give no information at all about his vessel, except that she will come within certain limits. It should also be noted that another important clause in the Victoria deed is that the defending yacht must not exceed the declared rating of the challenging yacht by more than twenty per cent., and this rating must be made known to the challenger one week before the day appointed for the sailing of the first match. It should also be noted that neither the challenging nor the defending yacht can exceed 90 feet on the load-line if cutter-rigged. We consider these terms sufficiently elastic to give the challenger as good a chance as the defender; and it even extends to the possibility of lengthening a vessel if it is found on trial she is not quite as good as expected.

When the New York Yacht Club committee had finally arranged a race with Lord Dunraven for the *America's* Cup by simply ignoring the dimension clause, we urged here that the new deed be pitched overboard once and for always, arguing that it is only a question of time when, possibly, the entire business of arbitrating for a race will have to be gone over again. It must be acknowledged the committee had a difficult task on the basis laid down for them by their club, and they performed it skilfully, but they have really only put off the day of reckoning. The situation, as it stands now, finds Lord Dunraven laboring under the delusion that the N.Y.Y.C. committee has made the unsportsmanlike new deed of gift a dead letter, while the N.Y.Y.C. committee and the club itself persists in believing the challenge has been made and accepted under the new gift, and that its committee was clever enough to carry its points, while apparently making concessions that were demanded.

While there have been some concessions over what was insisted on in the last race for the cup, the fact remains that should the *Valkyrie* win there is sure to be some more pettifogging before another race is had. It is too bad, indeed, the cup cannot be separated forever from the legal complications which surround it. The New York Yacht Club's lawyers, and not its sportsmen, are responsible for that '87 deed.

At any rate we are sure of a race this year, and, by the confirmation of the latest building reports, we will have at least two yachts built expressly to defend the cup. Archibald Rogers's boat is already under way, and another rumored syndicate has become a certainty. Edwin D. Morgan and C. Oliver Iselin are the leaders of the latter, and it may be asserted at once that three more thoroughly representative American sportsmen than Messrs. Rogers, Morgan, and Iselin are not to be found in the United States. The second syndicate includes, besides those already mentioned, August and Perry Belmont, George C. Clark, J. M. Waterbury, Oliver Hazard, C. R. Flint, Chester A. Chapin, and Adrian Iselin. In the mean time the Carroll yacht is progressing, and, on the other side, the rumors of a Scotch syndicate to back a Fife production have been confirmed.

It is hard to say what turn affairs would take should either the Prince of Wales or the Fife boat beat Dunraven's *Valkyrie* before the time comes for the latter to sail for America. The deed of gift under which the race for the *America's* Cup is sailed very likely, in some of its ramifications, provides against any other yacht than the one mentioned competing. But surely it would be very unsatisfactory for us to win from a defeated yacht, and if the Fife or Prince of Wales boat come within the prescribed dimensions, what can be the objection to it? Why should not the Englishmen as the challengers have the same privileges as the challenged? We build as many cup defenders as we can, and we pit the successful one in a series of preliminary races against the challenging yacht. Why should not the English yachtsmen have an equal advantage?

And still there comes no word from Boston of a defender to be built by New England yachtsmen. It is reported, however, that a designer is at work on the lines of a prospective entry, though they are up to date without an owner.

Although the long-distance skating records were about all made some years ago, and therefore not up to the present-day work of men not even in the class of that wonder, Joseph F. Donoghue, yet the performance of Donoghue last Thursday, on Cove Pond, Stamford (Connecticut), in breaking all the records from seventeen miles to one hundred inclusive, must be regarded as remarkable. He had never skated a longer distance than ten miles, and was unable, therefore, to gauge himself to the best advantage, besides which, on his ninety-second mile, he got a fall that cut his lip and bruised his knee severely, through a stupid spectator getting in his way.

There is no doubt whatever that Donoghue is the fastest skater in the world, amateur or professional, from one mile up to one hundred miles, and it is easy to understand why he is unable to get on a race with any one of the several foreigners. He finished his one hundred miles Thursday with the same twenty-foot stroke he had maintained throughout, and was apparently fresh enough to go on indefinitely. His time and the old records follow. It should be remembered that the records of from one mile to fifteen have been made on distinct trials, and not on a long-distance skate.

	DONOGHUE'S TIME.			RECORDS.		
Miles.	H.	M.	S.	H.	M.	S.
1		3	49		2	47 2/5
2		7	32		6	03 2/5
3		11	16		8	56 1/5
4		14	57		12	27
5		18	37		15	36 2/5
6		22	09		21	32 1/5
7		25	48		25	10 1/5
8		29	35		28	45 1/5
9		33	14		32	31 1/5
10		37	00		32	38 3/4
11		40	31		40	17 1/5
12		44	36		43	57
13		48	16		47	38 3/5
14		51	43		51	26 2/5
15		55	11		55	09
16		58	56		58	53 2/5
17	1	02	33	1	02	34
20	1	13	08	1	14	07 1/5
25	1	31	29	1	33	28 2/5
30	1	53	20	2	11	32
35	2	13	35	2	35	46
40	2	34	46	3	00	07
45	2	56	20	3	47	16
50	3	15	59 2/5	4	13	36
60	4	07	00 3/5	6	46	00
70	4	55	15 3/5	8	09	40
80	5	41	55	9	15	20
90	6	25	57 3/5	10	24	20
100	7	11	38 1/5	11	37	45

By hours Donoghue's records were:

Hours.	Miles.	Yards.
1	16	680
2	31	1540
3	45	1735
4	58	865
5	70	1757
6	83	1560
7	97	220

The fact of W. B. Curtis being the referee gives assurance that the track measurements were correct and the timing accurate. The course was elliptical, measuring a half-mile, allowing an eighteen-inch margin at the pole. The curves were easy, with long straight stretches, and the ice was in fair condition, with no cracks. The performance will stand for many a year, unless Donoghue himself should set out to better it.

The rule passed at the meeting of the Intercollegiate Football Association, limiting men on elevens to undergraduates of the academic course, is better than no legislation on the subject at all; but it is questionable if in its present form it will be found to be for the best and united interests of the university. The resolution, as adopted, reads:

> "No member of a graduate department or a special student shall be elligible to the football teams of colleges in the association, nor any graduate who has registered or attended lectures or recitations at any other university or college, nor any undergraduate who is now pursuing a course for a degree requiring an attendance of at least three years."

Indeed, the more one thinks of it, the more narrow the policy seems to grow. It is a question, too, whether a rule that demanded a certain number of hours per week from the member of any athletic team, and left it open to the university, would not keep the sport purer than making a certain course a privileged one and establishing no especial espionage.

It is a matter for serious consideration whether confining membership to the academic course will not work to the injury of the university itself and the university idea in America to which we are steadily and universally growing. There is no disputing the fact that it has been athletics which in the past ten years have cemented the different departments of our colleges, and developed the common university sentiment and loyalty. If we now take from them the bond of fellowship, is it not probable that we shall destroy the *esprit de corps?* It cannot be denied that athletics is a great recruiting factor in any university, that it is the centre around which the undergraduates rally, and that, more than any other feature, it serves to keep alive the interests of the *alumni*, and put them in touch with the *alma mater*. If football and baseball teams and crews—for of course it would be the height of inconsistency to apply such a rule to football, and not to all other athletic teams—are to be made up of academic department men only, will not a very large share of this interest be gone?

The only object of this ruling being to crush out the athletic parasite who goes to college only to row or play football or baseball, can it not be done just as effectually, but on broader lines?

He will not go to college if he is made to study. A rule prescribing so many hours a week as being necessary for all members of teams will cover that point.

He cannot become a tempting bait for other colleges to outbid one another in the effort to secure his athletic allegiance if a rule is passed (as suggested in this department last week) that he is not eligible when he has been a "member of any other university or college team, or played on a class team at any other college or university." This rule may impress some as unwisely severe, but it is a necessity for two reasons. It provides against the possibilty of men being lured from one college to another (after having shown marked athletic ability), and it is a check on the practice of getting older men on teams. It is not fair for boys of 17, 18, or 19 to be brought up against men 23, 24, or even 26 years of age, and this rule would in a very large measure stop it. Moreover, such a rule would be a guarantee of a man's good faith in entering a university professional school. If he developed athletic ability after he had entered there is no reason why he should not play for the university in which he was striving for a degree. It would be hard luck on those who had already played on a college team and entered a professional school of Harvard or Yale or Pennsylvania for honest work, but it would forever set at rest what is now one of the most baneful practices.

It must be acknowledged, however, that the present condition of athletic affairs in college demanded very drastic legislation, and as this department has already said no legislation is too severe if it will make our sport clean. In that light the recent resolution is acceptable: it cuts the heart out of the disease with one fell swoop. But it must act only as a preliminary survey of the situation; it would not be for the best interests of the universities to continue the ruling as it is. When matters have settled a bit there should be, a meeting of the older heads of the universities, and a set of rules adopted to cover all intercollegiate sports, and on a basis that will take in the university idea, and yet keep out the undesirable element.

In the mean time baseball, which is in far worse condition than football, should also have a drastic purging. While rules are being made, too, let us have a stringent one, keeping members of 'varsity baseball nines from travelling about during the summer with athletic club teams, and those semi-professional organizations known as summer-resort nines. Let there be an end also to track athletic college men representing athletic clubs so long as they are members of their 'varsity team. Now that the ball has been set in motion, let us have a regular overhauling of all the rules; throw out the man who is susceptible to "inducement," and make the most stringent rules, but fair ones. Why not a congress on the subject, with two or three delegates from each university?

The question of Harvard and Princeton meeting in football this year cannot, of course, be taken up now until this recent resolution of the football association has been more fully discussed, and Harvard has determined upon her course. That Harvard will be found willing to join in any movement for the purification of football or any other college sport is certain, since the propositions that have come from her in times past show her advisers to be in sympathy with all movements for honest sport. This very matter of confining teams to undergraduates was first proposed by Harvard to Yale several years ago, and failed of becoming a fixture at that time owing to impossibility of agreeing on some minor matters.

It is more likely that Harvard will be found, however, embracing the university idea in a line with what has been set forth here, rather than that one which restricts to any single department.

There seems to be only one way of Harvard and Princeton meeting, and that is by the two making separate agreements as to dates to cover a term of years. In that case the Springfield Yale-Harvard date must be shifted, and both colleges are, likely enough, perfectly willing to do so.

There can never be any football arrangement between Yale, Harvard, and Princeton that will make a Yale-Harvard game hinge on the result of another. There must be a Yale-Harvard game every year, no matter what Princeton's position may be. Yale and Princeton are too strongly cemented to permit of any disruption of their arrangements, and the only possible way Harvard and Princeton can come together is by a separate agreement. It is entirely probable that they will play a game next autumn, unless Yale and Harvard fall out over putting the undergraduate idea into baseball *this year*. In that event there would be some radical moves on the intercollegiate baseball and football checker-board.

There has been considerable in the newspapers about a grand athletic scheme to be developed at Chicago during the World's Fair. A well-conducted meeting to decide the amateur championship of the world in track athletics is a desirable feature of the year, but a carnival of sports gotten up with all the hurrah of a six-days' go-as-you-please match is decidedly not desirable. There is too much "management" in the affair under discussion to please amateurs. A college man will hesitate about competing in a meeting that has a professional impressario.

The Amateur Athletic Union should hold its championship meeting as usual, with no attempt at enlarging its mission. If any enterprising manager wants to get up an athletic show of his own, the opportunities are manifold, but the A. A. U. has no business with it. One thing is certain, the college crews nor any of their teams will not submit to it. There will be no Harvard-Yale-Cornell boat-race at Chicago.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"HOW TO GET STRONG, AND HOW TO STAY SO."—By William Blaikie.—Illustrated.—Price, $1 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.